The Outlook

Volume 77 Saturday, August 27, 1904 Number 17

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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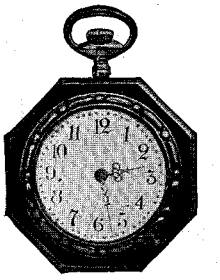

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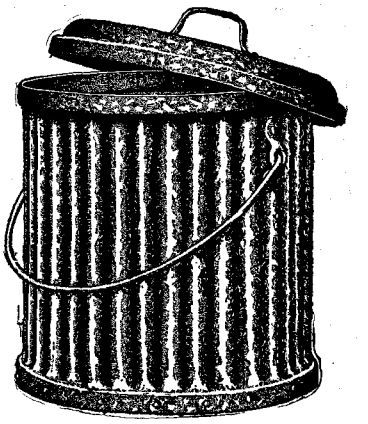

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904

China as a Neutral Power

The critical position of affairs at Shanghai was startlingly brought to the attention of Americans by the despatches of Monday of this week, which stated that United States war-ships had orders to protect the neutrality of Shanghai. This is to be interpreted as another way of saying that American interests must be guarded, for hostilities between Japanese and Russians would endanger all foreign property in the harbor, and the Standard Oil warehouses alone are said to be worth a million dollars. A conference is being held as we write between the consuls of the Powers at Shanghai, and common action seems probable. The immediate cause of the excitement at Shanghai was the appearance in that port of a Japanese torpedo-boat destroyer, which entered the harbor and took position close to the dock in which the Russian cruiser Askold was being repaired, while a Japanese squadron was reported to be waiting outside. An American destroyer, the Chauncey, at once took position near the Japanese and Russian ships, and the former soon after left the harbor. These facts, taken in connection with Japan's action in upholding the cutting out of the Ryeshitelni, as reported in these columns last week, and also with Japan's peremptory demand on China to refuse further refuge to the Askold and the destroyer Grozovoi, naturally aroused apprehension. All these incidents show the singularity and even pitifulness of China's situation. She is a neutral nation, and belligerents and other neutrals alike have agreed to respect her rights. Yet China sees a large section of her territory borrowed, so to speak, to serve as the scene of war, and, submitting to this, is in constant fear lest another section be invaded. Unfortunately for her, she has no really effective military or naval force with which to enforce her rights, nor has she a strong, energetic Government, prompt to act and straightforward in utterance. Russia sharply charges China with negligence and lack of neutrality in not protecting the Ryeshitelni; Japan declares that Chefoo has been used by the Russians for wireless communication with Port Arthur, and that from it have gone forth vessels over and over again to break the blockade. China's duties to belligerents and neutrals are primarily defined by her own proclamation at the outbreak of war, and outside of this by the recognized custom of nations. Unless China so stated in her proclamation, she is not necessarily bound to drive out a belligerent's vessel within twenty-four hours, although Germany and Great Britain adopt this principle, allowing only additional time for repairs that would make a vessel seaworthy. Thus, the Russian ships lately in a German port were forced to leave or to dismantle. Some time ago China insisted upon the dismantling of a Russian vessel, the Mandjur, but only after delay and severe threats from Japan. The latter country, under the peculiar circumstances of China, might, one would think, be willing to wait a moderate length of time in the Askold case, as the ultimate escape of that ship seems impossible. The Chinese officials on Monday ordered the Russian vessels to leave on Tuesday or be dismantled. The Powers have a positive and large interest in forbidding any hostilities in the harbor of Shanghai, where the world's commerce is enormous; and they also owe some support to China's integrity against the aggression of any single Power.

❀

The Novik Destroyed

Russia's naval reverses continue; the cruiser Novik, which was driven out of a German port, nearly escaped to Vladi-

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vostok; she did, in fact, reach Saghalien Island, but as she left that place was overtaken by two of Japan's fast cruisers. A hot fight ensued, ending in the beaching of the Novik in a wrecked condition, while the Japanese ships practically escaped injury. In this connection it may be recorded that the injuries to the two Russian cruisers which escaped to Vladivostok after their fellowship, the Rurik, was sunk are admitted to be serious, and as the only dry-dock at Vladivostok is occupied by the Bogatyr, the fourth ship in the original squadron, there is little prospect of Admiral Skrydloff's force repeating its attacks on commerce, or, indeed, of figuring further as a serious factor in the war. The Japanese vessels which sank the Rurik saved several hundreds of her crew, and of this act a Japanese official says: "Japan has avenged the Hitachi. Admiral Kamimura rescued and succored those who aided in sinking the Hitachi, and who sailed away from hundreds of drowning victims. We offer their living for our dead."

❀

The Assault on Port Arthur

Last week a formal demand, under flag of truce, was made for the surrender of Port Arthur, and was promptly and curtly refused by General Stoessel. The terms offered included the surrender of the war-ships in the harbor, but permitted the military forces there to join General Kuropatkin, after marching out with honors of war. A proposal by the Japanese that the non-combatants at Port Arthur should come into the Japanese lines seems also to have been declined by General Stoessel, but precisely on what grounds is not clear. Perhaps he prefers to continue sending non-combatants out in Chinese junks. The Chinese at Chefoo said that the Russians at Port Arthur still hope for relief from General Kuropatkin, and believe that they can hold out against any assault. Following this demand and refusal came a series of terrible attacks against the advanced positions of the Russians, and as we write it seems probable that the supreme effort to reduce the place is going on. One report, received on Monday of this week, says that Chinese who reached Chefoo on that day say that the Russians were doggedly and persistently driving back the desperate Japanese charges, but that the latter had captured one important fort, located on the Itzshan Hills, midway between the western coast and the railway, on a line drawn approximately from a point midway between Pigeon and Louisa Bays. Pigeon Bay, at the west of the promontory, was the scene of fierce fighting all the week. The only thing certain as we write is that a tremendous conflict is going on quite close to the central fortress, and that the final result—a victory for the Japanese, or a decision on their part to abandon the assault and maintain a close siege against Port Arthur—cannot long be delayed.

❀

Senator Hoar

About six weeks ago Senator Hoar was attacked with lumbago in a painful but not apparently dangerous way. In answer to numerous letters of inquiry and newspaper statements as to the seriousness of his condition, Mr. Hoar gave out a characteristically humorous interview, in which he said that the reports of the gravity of his illness had been greatly exaggerated, but that its painfulness could not be overstated, and that if any newspaper men were in possession of any adjectives which they did not care to use at the moment, he would be glad to have a fresh supply. This statement from Senator Hoar's home at Worcester allayed the fears of the country. Unfortunately, while the acute disease from which he suffered has yielded to treatment, the strain on his system at the age of seventy-eight has been too great, and there seems little doubt that the senior Senator from Massachusetts is dying from no acute disease, but from the general breaking down of his constitution. Surrounded by his family, and honored not only by the State which he has so long represented, but by the whole country, one of the foremost men in the public life of the day is quietly and calmly facing the end, retaining the full use of his faculties and of that gift of humor which came out so strikingly

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in the closing hours of his brother, Judge Hoar, and which has been one of the striking characteristics of the distinguished family to which the Senator belongs.

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The March of Political Events

The East and the West vie with each other in furnishing events of interest in the National campaign. The State campaigns in Maine and Vermont are in full swing. The Republicans have met the Democratic effort to cut down the pluralities in Maine and Vermont for effect on the rest of the country by sending their ablest speakers into these States. Speaker Cannon has already been on the stump in Vermont, and Senator Fairbanks, the candidate for Vice-President, will make a tour of the two States. Members of the Cabinet like Secretaries Wilson and Taft have been drafted, and the States will be thronged with well-known members of Congress. The Democrats will also concentrate all available orators in this territory. Maine and Vermont are the New England States where the Republican vote has not undergone the great shrinkage from McKinley years noticeable elsewhere, and the Republican managers are predicting a drop to a plurality of 12,000 in Maine and 20,000 in Vermont. The liquor question is once more the absorbing issue in Maine. The Democrats favor the resubmission of the question, and the Republicans are squarely for the prohibition law. In Massachusetts the demand of the manufacturers and others for a Republican declaration favoring reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland is increasing in volume and insistence. Fifty-two thousand Republicans have signed the petition. To prevent this question from seriously affecting the Republican campaign in Massachusetts a plank favoring reciprocity in "competitive products" may be adopted at the coming Republican State Convention. Senator Lodge, in a recent speech, indicated that he was preparing to yield. A good sign for an active campaign in Massachusetts is the possibility that the Democrats will nominate Mr. Olney for Governor, and under certain conditions Mr. Olney might be induced to run. Governor Baker is to be renominated by the Republicans. The Republican plurality in Massachusetts has fallen from 173,000 in 1896 to about 35,000 last year. Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, has made a new political sensation in the West. He opened his State campaign at Eau Claire last week with a speech which showed that those who were looking for a compromise between the "Half-Breeds" and "Stalwarts," each of which factions is running a separate State and electoral Republican ticket, had been going on false reckoning. Those who were in the confidences of this remarkable figure in Wisconsin politics were not surprised when the Governor boldly charged that his opponents had defeated his nomination for Governor in 1896 with bribery. Mr. Cortelyou, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has taken the matter in hand, and has invited twenty-five prominent men from each side to meet in conference. In the Idaho Democratic State Convention Senator Dubois succeeded in routing the Mormon faction, and nominated ex-Senator Heitfield for Governor. A resolution was passed demanding the extermination of polygamy. President Roosevelt has gone to Oyster Bay to remain for a month, and from that place his formal letter of acceptance will be made public.

❀

Two Notifications

Two interesting events in the history of the week were the formal notification of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, at White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic party, and the notification of Mr. Thomas E. Watson, at Cooper Union in New York, of his nomination by the People's party for the Presidency. Mr. John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, made the speech in the amphitheater at White Sulphur Springs, in the center of a crowd of sympathetic listeners. He greeted Mr. Davis as a representative self-made man, and followed this statement by an account of what he called historical blunders made in

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this country, which was characteristically lively and witty. Among these blunders he enumerated the taking up of arms by our forefathers against George III., declaring that they were stupid enough to fight against principles now held by the Republicans and practiced in the Philippines. The speech was entertaining, but lacking in dignity, and Mr. Williams again disappointed his friends, as he did in the Convention at St. Louis, by his lack of serious, broad, and dignified presentation. Mr. Davis commented on what he described as the prevalence of hard financial conditions in this country; declared that the rights of labor are as sacred and inalienable as the rights of capital; that labor is entitled to good wages; that the Government is extravagant; that the Republican money record has failed in consistency; that the Democratic platform is sane and sound, and that its candidate for the Presidency appeals to the good sense and judgment of the American people.

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Mr. Watson's Speech

Mr. Watson received his notification in the presence of an immense audience which crowded the Cooper Union in New York in every part, and he made what is likely to be the most vivacious speech of the campaign. He commented with the utmost freedom on the inconsistencies of both parties, but showed especial proclivity for hitting at the weak points in the Democratic armor. He declared that the Republican party has a creed, while the Democratic party is entirely without that necessary article in a political campaign. He ridiculed the Democratic party for its alleged positions both on financial questions and on the tariff. The party, he said, has declared that protection is robbery, but has never dared to say that that language must be construed to mean exactly what it indicates. In illustration he cited the letter of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, affirming that while he "would be glad to see a revision of the tariff, he knows that he cannot bring it to pass." Mr. Watson declared that the Democratic platform stated that further legislation is needed against the trusts, and that their candidate for the Presidency, on the other hand, says that we have as much law as we need. The gist of the speech and its manner may best be illustrated by a quotation:

> Boiled down to its real essence, sifted to its real meaning, the Democratic campaign of 1904 is a mere unscrupulous hunt for office. They [the Democrats] have no fixed and certain creed. They have no articles of faith by which Democratic loyalty can be tested. A party, like an individual, should seek to build up character. And without convictions there can be no character. By convictions I mean essential beliefs which become a part of a man's very life; convictions by the light of which he works; convictions for which he would die. Has the Democratic party any such character? Can you measure it by a standard like that? Stealing the platform of the People's party in 1896, stealing that of the Republicans in 1904, how can it now pretend to be a party based upon convictions? I cannot see in the management of the National Democratic party anything on earth except an effort to find out which is the best bait to put on the hook. It is merely a question of catching the voter and winning the office. A few years ago they were clamoring for the income tax. What has become of that demand? Who told them to drop it? The plain people of America did not. The masses of our people are in favor of such a tax, almost unanimously. The corporation kings who are financing the Parker campaign are naturally opposed to the income tax. It has dropped out of sight. By whose orders?

❀

New York the Center of Interest

The political situation in the State of New York continues to be of sufficient importance to warrant separate treatment. Both parties are handicapped by difficulties, and some of these promise to remain throughout the canvass. On the Republican side, the demand that ex-Secretary of War Elihu Root shall be the candidate for Governor continues practically unanimous. The man who opposes Mr. Root is Governor Odell, the Chairman of the State Committee. It is obvious that if Mr. Root became Governor, Mr. Odell, as Chairman of the State Committee, could not control him, and his power over the organization would pass. To this is attributed the Governor's alacrity to accept Mr. Root's disinclination to run as a flat refusal. While Republicans and Demo-

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crats alike are uniting in saying that if Mr. Root runs for Governor the State will be safely Republican, the Governor persists in saying that Root is out of the question, and is understood to be "grooming a dark horse." Some think this "dark horse" is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. The gravity of the situation, from a Republican standpoint, lies in the prospect of the nomination of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, of Brooklyn, should Mr. Root be eliminated from the situation. There is a very general belief that Mr. Woodruff would weaken the ticket. In one respect the Democratic campaign in the State is in better condition than a week ago, and in another it is in worse. The State Committee has recovered from its lethargy, and steps have been taken to organize the country districts for Judge Parker. Mr. Rodie, to whom this work has been intrusted, is not a man of practical political experience, but he is an intelligent business man, and is expected to apply common-sense methods. On the other hand, the feud between Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and P. H. McCarren, the leader in Brooklyn, has reached an acute stage. Mr. Murphy insists that Mr. McCarren shall be driven from his post as Chairman of the State Executive Committee. He says his opposition to McCarren is not due to McCarren's desertion of him when he was opposing Parker for President, but to McCarren's moral character and to his opposition to Mayor McClellan's efforts to stamp vice and blackmail out of the Police Department of New York City. Judge Parker's friends support McCarren, and Murphy is preparing to make an attack on McCarren at the next meeting of the State Committee.

❀

Practical Politics in Chicago

The present experience of Chicago in the matter of legislative nominations demonstrates again, if that were necessary, that there is no partisanship among practical politicians; they leave that to "the good citizen" as a luxury which they cannot afford. Cook County is entitled to fifty-seven representatives in the lower house of the Illinois Legislature. These are elected three from each district, and while each voter can vote for three candidates, or vote three times for one candidate, he cannot vote for more than two candidates of any one party. This form of minority representation does not provide any real representation of the minority, but makes it possible for the joint Republican and Democratic machines to control the situation, under ordinary circumstances, with absolute surety. The Republicans nominate two candidates in Republican districts, and the Democrats one; and in Democratic districts the proportion is reversed, and all three candidates are practically sure of election. This is exactly what has just happened in Chicago; for the fifty-seven Cook County representatives just sixty candidates have been nominated. Concerning this situation, President George E. Cole, of the Legislative Voters' League, speaks in no uncertain tones. He declares that "the Republicans and Democrats are in collusion to cheat the people out of their rights," and that "many of the candidates are notoriously corrupt, and the creatures of corporate interests." The Legislative Voters' League has pointed a way out of the difficulty, suggesting that reputable candidates be nominated at once, by petition. It disposes of the question of National issues by the following statement:

> The only party questions that ever come before the State Legislatures are the redistricting of the State into Congressional and Senatorial districts, and the election of United States Senators. The next Senator is not to be elected till 1907, and the next apportionment will not occur until after the census of 1910. In this election partisanship need not prevent the most rigid conservative from voting for an Independent, Prohibitionist, or Socialist.

The Chicago "Daily News" likewise points out that the collusion between the machines furnishes "absolute, irrefutable proof that neither political party has anything to gain by controlling the Legislature. Party managers admit that there is nothing to fight for. Honest men work together when they go to Springfield without regard for partisan

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politics. So do boodlers. The whole question is one of honesty and efficiency versus stupidity. Shall the voters decide this question or shall the ward bosses decide it?" The whole country will watch this new experience with profound interest. Chicago has set a striking example of continuous independence in local legislative matters. Will she establish another equally commendable one for State legislative elections? She has pointed the way in one case; will she in the other?

❀

"A Plague o' Both Your Houses!"

The war between workmen and employers in the building trades of New York City is so confused that a clear and complete statement of the issue is impossible. Among labor leaders themselves there are some who confess themselves unable to understand the situation. The men are not demanding shorter hours, higher wages, or better conditions; the employers are not insisting on longer hours, lower wages, or even the "open shop." In general terms, it may be said that each side has entered the war for the sake of organizing its own army. With the exception of a strike on the subway, which is entirely distinct from the general building trades strike, the conflict involves those unions which belong to the Building Trades Alliance. This is a local federation of building trades unions which is entirely independent of the American Federation of Labor, though some of the unions belong to both bodies. The leaders of the Alliance find their own power much greater because of this independence. Their acts cannot be reviewed. As a consequence of the existence of this Alliance, some crafts have two organizations. The painters, for instance, are divided between the Amalgamated Painters, a union which belongs to the Alliance, and the Brotherhood of Painters, a union which belongs to the Central Federated Union, the local body of the American Federation of Labor. A similar division exists among the carpenters. It is the fight between the "Amalgamated" and the "Brotherhood" that is really as much as anything at the bottom of the trouble. In ecclesiastical parlance it would be called a denominational fight. Philip Weinseimer, leader of the Alliance, has been indicted for extortion. Whether the particular charges that have been made prove true or not, it is evident that the spirit of Sam Parks is hovering over the building trades unions of New York City. The "grafters" may pass, but "graft" seems to remain. On the employers' side the spirit seems to be no better. If labor leaders are willing to hold out their hands for money, employers are willing to pay the bribe. Some of the more high-minded of the employers feel that they are fighting this spirit of graft and want to bring to an end the situation which allows two unions in one craft. But most of the employers show no sign that they are fighting a battle for the public. Indeed, they might easily be satisfied if the unions would agree to work only for members of the Employers' Association. If they have any contention, it can be put in the words of a builder: "Where do I come in? We are giving something for nothing: we sign contracts with the unions agreeing to employ none but union labor; but they can work for anybody they please." The builders consequently would like to freeze out the independents. Neither side, in fact, deserves sympathy. The building trades conflict in New York City is an industrial war of the most sordid kind.

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The Petition of the Filipino Commissioners

The Filipino Commissioners at the St. Louis Fair, with the exception of five, have signed a petition to the Secretary of War. They ask for two things: the immediate convening of the Philippine Assembly, and the removal, or at least the great reduction, of the duties on Philippine sugar and tobacco. For the convening of the Assembly, which by law is within the power of the President, they give forcible reasons. The new internal revenue law, they assert, has been enacted by the Philippine Civil Commission contrary to the public opinion of all classes in the Phil-

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ippines. The convening of the Assembly would, they believe, assure the people that "succeeding laws . . . shall be amply discussed . . . and, above all, shall have the concurrence of the representatives of the people." For the reduction, and even abolition, of import duties on Philippine tobacco and sugar they urge the familiar fact that the loss of the Spanish market has not been compensated for by the market allowed under the Dingley law. Though the Commissioners are frank in saying that there are people (they do not say Filipinos) who are not satisfied with the measure of popular government possible under the Philippine Act, they do not even imply that there is dissatisfaction with the dependence of the islands upon the United States. We are not sure that, even in the light of this petition, the convening of the Assembly at this time would be really in the interests of the Filipinos. We are, however, certain that the petitioners are altogether right in their desire for a reduction of the tariff rates on Philippine products. Congress ought, upon assembling, to enact without delay the Philippine tariff measure which has so long been urged by Secretary Taft.

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The St. Louis Fair

All accounts agree in regarding the Fair at St. Louis as not only the largest but in many ways the most important yet held on this continent, and one of the most important ever held in any part of the world. From the standpoint of architecture, of landscape, of illustration of processes, and of the broad representation of American life, the St. Louis Fair is well worth careful study, and those Americans who allow themselves to be kept from the Fair by any except grave reasons will do themselves and the enterprise injustice. It is to be feared that a good many people who ought to study the exhibit of industry and life at St. Louis are kept at home by insufficient reasons. For the first three months the attendance at the Fair was only about five millions, while the attendance at the Chicago Fair for the same period was over nine millions. The admissions at Chicago for the entire six months reached a total of 27,539,521. On one day, Chicago Day, the paid admissions aggregated 716,881. The total attendance at the World's Fairs held previous to that at Chicago was as follows:

Vienna, 1873	7,254,687
Philadelphia, 1876	9,910,996
Paris, 1878	16,032,725
Paris, 1889	28,149,353

It is not fair to compare the Fair at St. Louis with that of Paris in 1900, which had an attendance of 39,000,000, because Paris is the center of a very thickly populated section of the world, within easy reach of Great Britain and all western Europe; but it must be confessed that the popular interest in the St. Louis Fair so far has fallen very much behind the expectation of its managers and far behind its deserts. It is hoped that September and October will bring up the average. Doubtless the relatively small attendance is somewhat due to the reputation of St. Louis as an extremely hot city in summer. As a matter of fact, the summer in St. Louis has been remarkably cool and in every way favorable to comfortable sightseeing. It will be a misfortune if a great enterprise, so full of intrinsic interest, and into the preparation of which so much intelligent work and money have gone, fails to command adequate popular support.

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The Tariff and the Exposition

The Outlook has received a private letter from London which reports great indifference in England towards the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It is from a gentleman of national reputation in commercial and industrial England, who is in close and constant touch with these phases of English life, and who from his prominent place in them is well known throughout the British Empire, and is also pretty widely known among American business men who are in close touch with London. "Generally speaking," he writes, "there does not seem to be much interest taken on this side in the Exposition, among the business men I come across at any rate. It is possible that some of them may be going over in August or September." About the same time that this letter

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came to hand there was also received the "Review of Reviews" (London edition), in which there was an interview with Mr. Philip Stanhope, M.P., who expressed his regret that it was likely that only a few Members of the House of Commons would be of the International Parliamentary Congress which is to be held at St. Louis. The English papers have had very few articles on the Exposition. There have been some in the Leeds and Glasgow newspapers; but no serious attention has been given to it in the London morning papers; and up to date nothing but the brief notes which at infrequent intervals are cabled by Reuter have appeared in the Manchester "Guardian." Much more interest was evinced by the English press and the English people in the Chicago Exposition of 1893; and as the St. Louis Exposition is larger and more comprehensive, and embodies the mechanical advances of another decade—and that the most progressive decade in this respect in the world's history—this English attitude towards St. Louis is a little disappointing. Two reasons may be adduced in explanation. English politics are just now unusually absorbing, and a general election may be sprung upon the country at any time. The second reason is that between Chicago and St. Louis—between 1893 and 1904—the Dingley tariff was enacted. The Dingley tariff, from the British point of view, is the worst that ever confronted foreign exporters and manufacturers. It has undoubtedly been an important factor in bringing about the tariff reform movement in England, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the leader, and to a very considerable degree it explains why the British installations at St. Louis are so meager, and why the press and people of England are so indifferent to the Exposition. In the opinion of The Outlook, the British point of view in regard to the Dingley tariff is mistaken, as it is based on a lack of knowledge of industrial conditions as they exist to-day in the United States. Ten years ago, even as recently as 1896, it was possible for British manufacturers to sell many of their products in the United States. To-day, however, if the Dingley tariff were repealed and this country had a tariff based only on revenue requirements, there are very few lines of goods which British manufacturers could sell in large quantities in competition with American manufacturers. Great Britain fails to realize in how many lines American manufactures have been graded up since 1896, and still looks on the United States as a great market from which her manufacturers are excluded only by the Dingley Act.

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Invention and Factory Legislation

The Outlook would like to direct the attention of such of its readers as are going to St. Louis, and are interested in humane factory legislation, to an installation of cotton-manufacturing machinery which is daily at work in the British Section of the Varied Industries Building. It comes from Oldham, which for more than a century has been the largest center for cotton-mill machinery in Europe. Although this machinery carries the manufacture of cotton only to the yarn stage, there are no fewer than twenty-two machines at work. In this number are included several machines for use on the plantations for the ginning of cotton; and also an equipment for manufacturing cotton from both the long and the short staple. The short staple is the common grade of American cotton, and is used for the coarser grades of cotton cloth. The long staple is a much more silky fiber. It is grown chiefly on the Sea Islands off the Southern States, and in Egypt, and is used for the manufacture of the finer grades of cotton goods. This installation—the finest there is in the Textile Department of the Exposition—is remarkable on two grounds. It shows the enormous advance which has been made in textile machinery between the Chicago and the St. Louis Expositions—all the improvements which have been made to cheapen production and grade up the output; and, moreover, each of the machines used is equipped with devices and contrivances, all new since the Exposition of 1893, for safeguarding life and limb. Hitherto the argument against humane factory legislation in England, as well as in this country, has

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been that it will ruin the manufacturers. Ruin or no ruin, the British Parliament has within the last two decades been constantly insisting on better safeguards for life and limb in textile factories, and in other plants in which high-geared machinery is used. Within the last ten years it has thrown a financial liability for all accidents on employers; and the enactments to this end have been so drawn up that it is next to impossible for an employer to evade or shirk this responsibility. The result in the world of mechanics is to be seen in this Lancashire installation at St. Louis. All the safeguards are automatic in their action. They add but little to the first cost of the machinery; and they are so effective that when once an employer has installed them, he not only no longer dreads the coming of the factory inspector from the Home Office at Whitehall, but is in a position to make much better terms with the insurance companies which underwrite his risks in connection with the very stringent and far-reaching employers' liability laws now on the statute-books of Great Britain. Any one who has seen this machinery at work at St. Louis will be ready with an answer to the stale argument which is invariably put forward when employers' liability bills are introduced into American Legislatures; for it shows most convincingly that science and invention follow closely on legislation, and can relieve employers of any burdens which may be thrown upon them in safeguarding the lives and limbs of their workpeople.

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The English Parliament

It is necessary to go back to the early eighties to cite a session in which there has been more turmoil within the House of Commons and more agitation in the country than have marked the session which has just come to an end. The sessions from 1881 to 1886 were chiefly Irish. Ireland was then in a condition of great unrest—political and agrarian—and the Nationalists, under the then new leadership of Parnell, were doing their best at Westminster to defy the House of Commons and to throw it out of gear as a part of the constitutional machinery of Great Britain. Their success was so great that the rules of procedure had to be drastically revised and added to, to enable the House of Commons to retain its old place under the Constitution. The programme of the Tory Government in the late session was even more provocative of hostility on the part of the Liberals than were the Irish programmes of the Beaconsfield and Gladstone Governments to the Irish Nationalists from 1880 to 1885. In these years Ireland was supporting Parnell, Biggar, and Sexton in their extreme opposition at Westminster. It may be said that the country has been supporting the Liberals in the attitude they took up last session towards the Balfour Government, for between May, 1903, and August, 1904, there were twenty-four contested by-elections in England and Scotland, which resulted in a net gain of ten seats to the Opposition. Thus supported by the constituencies, the Liberals challenged and rechallenged the Government in the House of Commons on their policy with regard to licensing, education, Chinese labor, and the increased taxation imposed by the Budget. To some extent the Liberals adopted the obstructive tactics of the Nationalists of 1880–85. They moved votes of censure; they repeatedly moved the adjournment of the House in order to ventilate grievances or to harass the Government; they discussed the measures which were obnoxious to them at every stage, and they ceaselessly plied the Ministers with questions and elicited many damaging admissions. It was a fighting session from the debate on the King's Speech at the beginning to the prorogation by Royal Commission by which it was brought to a close; and it was only by frequent use of the closure, and at the finish by all-night sittings, that the Government was enabled to carry its much-abbreviated programme and bring the session to an end. Time and again it looked as though the Government would fail and a general election be precipitated. It was pressed by the Opposition to resign, but early in June Mr. Balfour made it known that there would be no dissolution unless the Government in-

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curred such a defeat as proved that it had lost the confidence of the House, or unless it failed to secure the day-by-day support which was necessary in order effectively to carry on Parliamentary business. Such a crisis did not come, and as the Government has now got through the most difficult session which ever confronted a modern Tory Ministry, and as, by-elections notwithstanding, it is still supported by a majority of over a hundred in the House of Commons, it is probable that Mr. Balfour will meet Parliament again next year as Premier and endeavor to fight his way through at least one more session.

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British Legislation

This session of Parliament will be memorable more because of the character than the volume of the legislation enacted. As regards the number of acts, the session is the most barren of recent years. But the Licensing Act, the Act for coercing the Welsh county councils which refused to obey the behests of the Department of Education in administering the Act of 1902, and the Chinese Labor ordinance, will long stand out in the political history of England in the opening years of the twentieth century. In their character these acts belong rather to the early years of the nineteenth century than to the twentieth, and a generation hence students will be wondering how a House of Commons which was three times reformed in the nineteenth century, and in the choice of which every man with a settled abode can have a vote, came to give its sanction to legislation so retrograde in character. The reason is that the new Toryism—the Toryism which has been supreme in England since 1885-86—is aggressive, and has constantly been moving for the possession of new ground for the privileged classes and vested interests—the landed aristocracy, the Church, and the liquor trade. The old Toryism which flourished from the American Revolution to the end of the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1830, on the other hand, was never aggressive. Except in the matter of the Corn Laws, no historian has charged or can charge the old Toryism with aggression. It defended to the last ditch the privileges of which the aristocracy and the Church were in possession. It would alter nothing in Church or State which would entail the least loss to the privileged orders. By its stand for the old order it brought England to the verge of revolution in 1831; but it was contented with what it held and did not seek to occupy new ground. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have given English Toryism its new character, and changed it from a defensive to an aggressive force. The war in South Africa gave them the great opportunity for doing so, and the classes and interests which for thirty years past have stood behind Toryism have used all their vast influence to impel Toryism in this new direction. There have been only four sessions of the present Parliament, but the political annals of England do not furnish records of a Parliament—no matter how far back they may be searched—in which more was done for the privileged classes and for vested interests. The Outlook has kept its readers informed of the changes brought about by the Licensing Act, and of the purport of the Chinese ordinance. The Welsh bill was introduced only a few days before Parliament was prorogued, and its object is to authorize the Education Department to pay direct to the Church of England schools in the Principality funds which, under the Act of 1902, they should receive from the county councils, which are charged with the supervision of their administration. The Liberals are insisting that in the next Parliament their first duty will be the repeal of these three enactments; but even supposing the Liberals are successful at the next general election, there are well-nigh insuperable obstacles in the way of securing the repeal of these laws.

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The Canadian Parliament

The Canadian Parliament is nearing its end. A general election must come within the next twelve months. Similarly, the British Parliament is supposedly nearing its end. Its term runs for three years longer; but it is difficult to see how it can survive beyond 1905. In

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the recent sessions, consequently, the British and the Canadian Parliament have had some features in common; for there is usually more turmoil in the popularly elected chamber of a British legislature when a general appeal to the constituencies is approaching than in the opening years of a Parliament. It has always been so in the case of the Parliament at Westminster. It was so even in the days when nearly one-third of the members of the House of Commons were nominated by the aristocracy. Reform did not alter this characteristic. On the other hand, it accentuated it; and the characteristic has been transmitted from the Mother of Parliaments to all the more important Colonial legislatures—certainly to those of Canada and Australia. At Ottawa, as at Westminster, the session which recently came to an end was remarkable more for party turmoil than for the number of important acts which were carried. The only outstanding measures were the Act revising the terms on which the Transcontinental Railroad is to be built; the Budget by which part of the tariff preference granted to Great Britain in 1897 was taken back; and the Act for the reorganization of the Dominion militia. The significance of the last two measures is that they cut away two of the strands which hold Canada to the mother country. The sundering of one of these—that in the tariff—occasioned much adverse comment in Great Britain, as it came about the time that Mr. Chamberlain urged the adoption of import duties on foodstuffs with a remission of duties on Canadian products. Yorkshire, too, was directly hit by this change in the Canadian tariff; as the woolen industry was the only one in England which directly and generally had secured advantage under the preferential tariff of 1897. Outside the military clubs in Pall Mall and a few of the ultra-Imperialistic newspaper offices in London, nobody in England cared that Canada had determined to cut its militia system entirely clear of the War Office, and would no longer ask that Department of State to detail a colonel from Aldershot or the Curragh to act as a general-officer-commanding the Dominion militia. Most of the turmoil of the session preceded this bill, and arose out of Lord Dundonald's attempt to settle a grievance which he felt he had against Sir Frederic Borden, the Minister of Militia, whose subordinate he had been as general-officer-commanding the militia. Lord Dundonald first opened his campaign in Montreal. Next he got a friend who was of the Opposition in the House of Commons to raise a debate in that Chamber. Later on he gave out an alarmist and disturbing interview in Toronto; and he so adroitly appealed to the Imperialistic sentiment that before he could be recalled there had been an excited debate in the House of Commons at Westminster on his procedure in Canada, and the Canadian Tories were so enamored of him that they besought him to abandon his seat as a representative peer of Scotland in the House of Lords, and lead the Tories in Canada to victory on the militia-cum-Imperialistic issue. There was, however, a warning from the Secretary of War; and although Lord Dundonald kept the House of Commons at Ottawa and several of the Canadian cities in excitement for a couple of weeks, he is not to supersede Mr. Borden, of Halifax, in the leadership of the Dominion Tory party, and the coming general election will be fought on issues which much more closely affect the every-day life of the Canadian people than the militia and its connection with the British War Office.

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An Instructive Experiment

The women of Kalamazoo, through their Civic Improvement League, have just concluded a most interesting experiment in the way of showing how the streets of the city may be effectively cleaned and kept so. They asked for permission to take charge, through the Department of Health, of the cleaning of Main Street for three months for a distance of six and a half blocks, the city to pay them a sum equal to that usually expended for this work, and, further, to provide the appliances customarily supplied. Permission was granted; the women have demonstrated that the streets can be kept clean. They inaugurated the Waring system, had the

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streets frequently flushed, and, most important of all, secured the co-operation of the abutting property owners and tenants, and procured the enforcement of long-neglected ordinances. After the experiment had been successfully concluded, a most interesting report was prepared by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who had initiated the movement, which will repay study. This Kalamazoo experiment clearly indicates what women can do; what officials can do if they will only go about the work in the right way; and that the average community does not so much need more laws, ordinances, and regulations as it needs the enforcement of those already on the statute-books. The local authorities of Kalamazoo have learned their lesson, as they have agreed to continue the good work begun by the women.

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Vacation Houses

During the summer "vacation homes" are maintained for working-girls in various parts of the country. They are for the use of self-supporting girls whose tedious and confining work has made of rest, which to some is a luxury, to them a necessity, and of fresh air, which to some is a commonplace, to them a medicine. Thus the Young Women's Christian Associations of New York and Philadelphia carry on at Asbury Park vacation homes. Each girl's stay is limited to two weeks. The girls bear a share in defraying the expense. The Union for Industrial Progress in Boston conducts a vacation house at Squantum, Massachusetts, for the use of its members. The largest work of this character, however, is that of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society of New York. This Society makes use of seven cottages—three in Connecticut, two in the Adirondacks, and two in Orange County, New York. It is the rule of the Society to assist only those girls who are broken down in health. This is done on two grounds: first, that the Society has not the resources to devote to those who are not in positive need of recuperation; second, that in this way nothing but wise charity is offered. This year the work of the Society is especially pressing. An unexpected falling off in contributions and an unusual number of cases of curable tuberculosis have brought a financial burden on the Society which people of means and of humane instincts ought not to allow it to bear. Contributions may be sent to Miss Edith Bryce, Treasurer, 20 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York, or to any one of the other managers. There are two hundred girls now waiting for a chance to get a bit of air, sunlight, and rest. One of the girls who had to have her vacation time postponed last year said: "There are plenty of positions to be had, but I can only have one health."

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A Spanish Collection

By the gift of Mr. Archer M. Huntington, New York is to receive an extremely valuable collection of Spanish books, paintings, coins, manuscripts, and objects of archæological interest, to be placed in possession of the Hispanic Society of America, and to be housed in an adequate building on Audubon Park, between 155th and 156th Streets, covering about eight city lots. The plans for this structure have been drawn and accepted by the board of trustees of the Society, who are appointed in the deed of gift already executed by Mr. Huntington. The founder of this institution has for many years past devoted himself to the collection of documents, books, paintings, and coins illustrative of Spanish history and life in all forms, and the collection, which is said to be unique in several respects, is now lodged in the Huntington library at Pleasance, Bay Chester. Mr. Huntington has written a number of books on Spanish subjects, and has reprinted about fifty rare Spanish books, not for general circulation, but for the use of libraries and schools. His best-known work is the translation of "The Cid," which has secured for him honorary degrees from Yale and Harvard and memberships in the Royal Spanish Academy, the Royal Academy of Seville, and other organizations in Spain and Europe at large. Mr. Huntington hopes, by means of the Hispanic Society, to interest Americans more generally in Spanish affairs and to bring about a more intimate acquaintance between the two peoples. The value of the collec-

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tion and endowment which will be placed in the hands of the trustees will exceed one million dollars.

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An Appeal to Terror

Statesboro, Georgia, furnished last week examples of the best and the worst in public sentiment. Unhappily, the worst seems to have gained the upper hand; certainly it found expression in deeds of fiendish excess. In few communities have unselfish courage, self-restraint, and respect for law been more dramatically contrasted with cowardice, surrender to passion, and reckless loyalty to the spirit of confusion and chaos.

On July 28 a man, his wife and three children were murdered, and their house burned to the ground. Some negroes were apprehended and put into jail. There were threats of a lynching, and a mob made up of drunken rowdies gathered. Nevertheless, order was preserved. Two negroes were brought to trial. Before the trial the Rev. H. A. Hodges, brother of the man who had been murdered, offered a prayer for the spirit of a sound mind, a godly judgment, and an unbiased verdict, for the observance of the laws of the land, and for the popular support of the court. Judge Daly, who presided at the trial, referred to the exhibition of popular excitement in these strong words of moderation: "The entire country stands at your back when you observe the law, but no one is with you when you violate the law. I will consider it an insult to the majesty of the law and a personal insult to me if the law is violated." A hundred men of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry of Savannah were on duty as preservers of order. The trial was conducted without disturbance; in fact, two trials took place; and two negroes were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. So much for the best in public opinion.

Then came the turn to the worst. A mob again gathered. A demagogue got its attention. An attack was made on the militia. Their rifles were found to be unloaded. In spite of the urgent protestations of the Rev. Mr. Hodges, the mob overpowered the guards, and, seizing the prisoners, dragged them part way toward the scene of their crime, and burned them to death.

Never was an act of mob violence more inexcusable. The usual, and not always unreasonable, complaint that the methods of law are slow and inefficient could not in this instance be used as a palliation of the act. The court had acted promptly, and the prisoners were condemned. The desire for vengeance, never a valid excuse but sometimes an explanation, could hardly have survived the pleas of the murdered man's own brother. The sudden rise of uncontrollable passion, natural as it is horrible in some cases, was wholly lacking in this case. If ever there was a deliberate effort to create a reign of terror, it was made at Statesboro on Tuesday of last week. It is said in defense of the mob that the negro criminals belonged to a band of negroes calling themselves the Before Day Club, and bound together by a purpose to pillage and murder the whites; that by being allowed counsel these ignorant and lawless negroes were firmly convinced that the Government was protecting them, and that the only power which would reach them was that of pain and terror. If this is seriously proposed as an excuse, the whites who put it forth are in need of the same education that the blacks whom they would terrorize need. And this is the education in law, order, and self-restraint. Terror never educates; it simply paralyzes. We do not believe that the people who composed that mob were made up of the "best people" of the community, as some reports had it. In Georgia, as in every other State, the "best people" are the civilized people—are the people represented by the Rev. Mr. Hodges and Judge Daly. And such men as these know that the only cure for the evil of lawlessness is law.

It was cowardice that gave the order to the militiamen not to load their rifles; it was cowardice that impelled the mob to wander over the country injuring innocent negroes and killing at least one; it was cowardice that masqueraded as bravado in the man who declared the lynching was premeditated and carefully

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arranged; it is cowardice that will put obstacles in the way of bringing the members of the mob to justice. In this case, as in every case, cowardice is the companion of lawlessness, and courage the intimate of self-restraint.

Horrible as the outcome was, the evil that the mob did can in no respect deprive those who did their duty in court and on guard from one particle of merit. And if other communities will learn from this incident that those who obey the law are honored in this land, the Rev. Mr. Hodges and Judge Daly will not have faced the mob in vain. The real victory may yet be won by law and order.

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The Vision of the Immortal

The dramatists and novelists have often vividly conceived of love as a sudden and overpowering passion, a kind of divine possession of the senses and the emotions, an instantaneous blooming of all the finer hidden resources of the nature. The earth is cold and bare; not a green thing shows itself anywhere; suddenly, without a note of warning, the sun rests on the soil, and, behold! out of the depths there blooms a flower of ravishing beauty. In Dushyanta, in Romeo, in Richard Feverel, who may stand for the countless multitude of lovers since time began, this miracle is wrought with such swiftness that in an instant all the vagrant impulses flow tumultuously to one end, all the forces of passion, emotion, will, move harmoniously to one goal, the whole nature, with its secret wealth of resources, emerges into the light, and becomes luminous with aspiration, devotion, adoration. There is, in all the range of vital expression, nothing more appealing and divinely suggestive of the ultimate capacities of the soul for companionship and comprehension than these sudden unclosings of the eyes to the vision of the loveliness of the soul, these sudden surrenders to the revelation of the immortal affinities of spirit with spirit.

Like the Days in Emerson's poem, we are all masked in this strange journey of life; our immortality is hidden by all manner of garments of mortality, and we move along the highway like perishing apparitions. The stars from their serene heights seem to look down pitifully on our weary marches, although we name and measure and weigh them; the earth, which is to call us to itself in the end, seems to smile on our few and broken years, although we master its forces and comprehend its uses and make scales strong enough to weigh its mountains and delicate enough to weigh its dust. And we forget, in the haste of our journey and the ever-thinning ranks of those with whom we move, that we are of royal birth, and that our immortality is only partially hidden by the occupations and possessions with which we concern ourselves.

Then, suddenly, the man looks up as he moves in the ranks, and his eye rests on the woman, and, like a flash of light on a flower, he sees the loveliness of her spirit behind the mask she wears, and knows that he is in the presence of immortality. It is this sudden recognition of spirit by spirit which makes the eternal romance of life; the disclosure that the king is hidden behind the workman's garb, and the queen within the peasant's dress; that the familiar landscape is a bit of fairyland, and the commonest things have a touch of magic on them. Dushyanta is hunting in the woods in which all the Rajahs have hunted before him, so that if there were a race memory every tree would be familiar to him and every passage through the forest an ancient pathway; and he looks up and there stands Sakuntala, and, behold, the old world of routine and work and care has vanished, and a new heavens and earth have descended wherein dwelleth beauty alone; for the immortal has suddenly shone upon him from out the obscurity of the mortal. Romeo wanders careless and empty-hearted among maskers, and suddenly, like a star rising splendid above the horizon, Juliet is beside him and his life is at the flood, let the tide carry him whither it may. On the sweet summer day Richard Feverel floats down the quiet English river full to its soft and fragrant edges, wondering in his heart of youth what all

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this tender beauty means, and there, on the bank, stands Lucy, "at the founts of the world," all the passion of the woman's soul sleeping in her eyes: "The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth;" and the day has found its meaning and the landscape its interpretation. So, to the most humble as to the children of genius come the inspirations which make us aware of our immortality.

The tragedy of love is the fading of the vision, the slow, sad return of the common day, the putting on of the old discarded garments of mortality; the triumph of love is the gradual, complete, convincing revelation of the immortal which follows the first blinding disclosure; the full, sweet, fruitful ripening after the glow and intoxication of the spring morning. Will Ferdinand still find his world in Miranda's eyes when the island has dropped below the horizon? will Orlando still find the light of life in Rosalind's free and radiant nature when the Forest of Arden has become like a mirage in the far distance?

The artist deals with all manner of crude materials, but he knows what he can evoke from them, and in every bit of the material in his hand he discerns the immortal potencies of beauty. The lover, who is the greatest of all artists, is not confused or blinded by the imperfections which perfection wears in this world, nor by the disguises behind which the ultimate and supreme tenderness hides itself. He steadily looks at the immortal in the mortal and believes and waits and cherishes; and as the years go by, the shyness of the soul wears off in the presence of that devout comprehension, that steady idealization, which all great love is, and there comes at last the most beautiful of all visions of the divine in this world of ours: the living together in immortal fellowship of two human spirits surrounded by change and decay and death, but intrenched beyond their reach in imperishable love.

In the Far East

The interest in the war in the Far East becomes deeper as the situation grows more clear. It cannot be said that there is a general feeling of apprehension throughout Europe, but it is quite certain that until the war is over there will be grave possibilities, not so much of the entanglement of other nations in the strife, as of the raising of delicate and perplexing questions. Several extremely difficult questions have already been presented. The Outlook has discussed the question as to what constitutes contraband of war. On this matter the English Government and our own hold almost identical positions, and Russia, while it has taken a radically different position, has shown a conciliatory spirit. It is not easy to reconcile the seizure of German and English vessels, the condemnation of German, English, and American cargoes, and the passage of the Dardanelles by a Russian vessel, which immediately began to act as a war-ship, by a ruse, with the difficult situation in which Russia is placed by repeated disasters. It is impossible to believe that the Russian Government wishes to entangle itself with Western Powers at a time when it is hard pressed at every point in the Far East, and when the conviction gains ground that the outcome of the war will be the expulsion of Russia not only from Korea but from Manchuria. The most probable explanation seems to be either that Russian naval commanders have been taking matters into their own hands and acting without regard to instructions from St. Petersburg, or, as is not improbable, that the various departments of the Russian Government are not working together. Nothing could be more impolitic, apparently, than the course which Russia has taken in these matters.

Not less difficult are the questions which have been raised by the seizure by Japan of a Russian war vessel and its removal from a Chinese harbor, and the appearance of another Japanese war vessel in

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another Chinese harbor, with the intention, apparently, of seizing a Russian war vessel, and a second time violating the neutrality of Chinese territory. Full particulars of this action have not yet been received, but the anchoring of a United States war vessel between the Russian and the Japanese ships indicates that our Government is determined, so far as it can, to maintain the neutrality of China. The Japanese explanation of the seizure of the Russian vessel Ryeshitelni in the harbor of Chefoo is unsatisfactory. The international law in this case is well defined, and the Japanese have apparently committed the blunder of violating it, and doing something which, for the first time, tends to alienate the sympathy of the West. There is still time for Japan to recede from the position which she has taken, to disavow the acts of her commanders, and to make the necessary reparation; and it is greatly to be hoped that the sagacity of the Japanese Government, which has so far been almost unfailing, will perceive the blunder which has been committed, and recede from an untenable position.

It is not easy at this distance, and with the extremely limited information which is permitted to reach the world at large from the scene of action, to speak accurately about the situation at Port Arthur. All the knowledge which the West possesses with regard to that situation indicates that the Russians will be unable to hold even so strongly fortified a position, and that the time is not distant when Port Arthur will fall into the hands of the Japanese. If it be true that the Russian commander has refused to allow the non-combatants to leave the city, he also has made a grave blunder. There can be no possible reason for detaining in a city, under the fierce fire of modern artillery, a group of people who have no relation to the war and who cannot be counted as belonging to either side. It is to be hoped, too, that the Russian general will not, for the sake of a display of courage, hold his position a single hour after the hopelessness of further defense becomes evident. The Russians have no need to prove their courage; it is beyond question. It has been demonstrated on many battlefields under the most terrible conditions. Nothing would be gained by any further display of Russian coolness, steadiness, and indifference to death in the harbor of Port Arthur after its fall becomes certain. In the interests of humanity, when the game is won, the defeated party ought to acknowledge the fact and avoid a useless waste of life. There may be occasions in which a man's highest duty is to die in a losing cause, but this is not one of those occasions.

What the Russians need is not to demonstrate their courage to the world, but to disclose the capacity for war, the ability to organize and lead, the prevision of military genius in a struggle in which they have so far been worsted, not because they have lacked the element of heroism, but because they were entirely unprepared, and because they are fighting a losing battle for an unworthy cause. The fatal mistake of the Russians seems to have been their initial mistake of being unprepared, or of being in ignorance of the extent and thoroughness of the Japanese preparation. General Kuropatkin's retreat, in the face of a foe which outnumbers him and is being handled with rare skill, has been little short of masterly. He has so far succeeded in avoiding any decisive battle, and has taken the Fabian course of retreating and preserving his army before an enemy which could probably inflict a decisive defeat if it could get a chance at the Russian force. The probabilities now are that the Japanese will either take Port Arthur very soon, or that, failing in this, they will invest it and carry out the remaining part of the plan of campaign, which seems to be to move north in two lines east and west of the present Russian position, thus enveloping Liaoyang. If they succeed in taking that strongly fortified position, with its immense stores, they will press on to Mukden. If they are able to take Mukden, nothing will be left in Manchuria except Harbin, for in case the Russians are driven back to Harbin Vladivostok will probably be evacuated. At this moment there no signs of a near termination of the war, which may go on for months to come.

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Impressions of a Careless Traveler

The Desert

FROM New Orleans we took the Southern Pacific Railroad to Southern California, a three days' ride, a large part of it across the desert. One needs to take such a ride as this, nearly three hundred miles across the rich but as yet undeveloped acres of southern Louisiana, over nine hundred miles across the imperial State of Texas to the border of Mexico, between five hundred and six hundred miles along that border, across the Apache mountains, and through New Mexico and Arizona—three days and three nights of continuous travel—before one comes into the garden of America, the Italy of the United States, fragrant and fruitful Southern California, in order to realize what a great country America is, and what a little, though not insignificant, fraction of it is the North American coast. No one can compute the wealth which this railroad has added to the country. The fortunes which it has made for some of those engaged in it have been but a very small percentage of the distributed fortunes which it has made for those who have profited by it. There are prophets in commerce as well as in literature; only prophetic men with power of vision in the material realm, and with courage commensurate with their power, could have conceived, or having conceived could have constructed, such a National highway, two thousand miles, with no large city and few, if any, large towns; with, at the time of its construction, no local traffic, and, for its returns on the capital invested, depending upon its ability to bring in a population which it was to serve, and to create an industry whose instrument it was to become.

We had been told that we should find the ride across the desert monotonous. I had ridden once for twelve hours across a northern section of the desert, traversed by the Denver and Rio Grande road, and had found it by no means the least interesting portion of an ever-memorable railroad ride. I was somewhat prepared, therefore, not to find the southern desert monotonous, as it had been portrayed. A friend knowing of our plans had sent us, in preparation for it, John C. Van Dyke's "The Desert," and we found this book an admirable traveling companion, opening our eyes to see beauties which possibly otherwise we might have passed unnoticed—beauties of color and of form, constantly changing, in what was in its larger outlines an almost changeless scene. I had prepared myself with some books to read during this long ride across New Mexico and Arizona, but the fascinations of the scene allowed me no time for the less interesting novels in my traveling-bag. Possibly in a third or fourth journey the desert might grow monotonous, but I should have been very glad to take my return trip by the same route by which I went out, for no other purpose than to enjoy the beauty of the naked hills, with their wine-red peaks, the nearer billowy hills of sand thrown up by the tempestuous wind, the foot-hills burnt to a terra-cotta orange, surmounted by the porphyry mountains, wine-red in color, and cut into strange forms by the wind, out of which the imagination may make anything and everything; in the foreground, sometimes the white sand, brilliant reflector of the sky, changing in color with the changing color of the sky which it reflects; sometimes acres of mosaic pavement made from narrow blocks of jasper, cornelian, agate—wind-swept, clean, compact, as though pressed down by a roller. I am quoting these phrases from Mr. Van Dyke's book, which I recommend to the reader who desires to get acquainted with the desert by proxy, or who means to become acquainted with it by travel, and wishes a letter of introduction to facilitate the acquaintance. And from his book, to which I here acknowledge my indebtedness for the help afforded in opening my eyes to see what otherwise I should not have seen,

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at least so well, I venture to quote here one paragraph, for the sake of its protest against that spirit of Philistinism so prevalent in America, which measures all things by dollars and cents. That some of the desert may be profitably diverted from its present uses to agriculture is probably true; but I believe that science has demonstrated that the Desert of Sahara and the inaccessible Alpine heights combine to furnish that admixture of warmth and moisture, the desert furnishing the heat and the snow-clad peaks the water supply, without which northern Europe would be a waste.

"A great company has been formed to turn the Colorado River into the sands, to reclaim this desert basin, and make it blossom as the rose. The water is to be brought down to the basin by the old channel of the New River. Once in reservoirs it is to be distributed over the tract by irrigating ditches, and it is said a million acres of desert will thus be made arable, fitted for homesteads, ready for the settler who never remains settled. A most laudable enterprise, people will say. Yes; commercially no one can find fault with it. Money made from sand is likely to be clean money, at any rate. And economically these acres will produce large supplies of food. That is commendable, too, even if those for whom it is produced waste a good half of what they already possess. And yet the food that is produced there may prove expensive to people other than the producers. This old sea-bed is, for its area, probably the greatest dry-heat generator in the world, because of its depression and its barren, sandy surface. It is a furnace that whirls heat up and out of the Bowl, over the peaks of the Coast Range into Southern California, and eastward across the plains to Arizona and Sonora. In what measure it is responsible for the general climate of those States cannot be accurately summarized; but it certainly has a great influence, especially in the matter of producing dry air. To turn this desert into an agricultural tract would be to increase humidity, and that would be practically to nullify the finest air on the continent. And why are not good air and climate as essential to human well-being as good beef and good bread? Just now, when it is a world too late, our Government and the forestry societies of the country are awakening to the necessity of preserving the forests. National parks are being created wherever possible, and the cutting of timber within them is prohibited. Why is this being done? Ostensibly to preserve the trees, but in reality to preserve the water supply, to keep the fountain-heads pure, to maintain a uniform stage of water in the rivers. Very proper and right. The only pity is that it was not undertaken forty years ago. But how is the water supply, from an economic and hygienic standpoint, any more important than the air supply? Grasses, trees, shrubs, growing grain, they, too, may need good air as well as human lungs. The deserts are not worthless wastes. You cannot crop all creation with wheat and alfalfa. Some sections must lie fallow that other sections may produce. Does any one doubt that the healthfulness of the countries lying west of the Mississippi may be traced directly to the dry air and heat of the deserts? They furnish health to the human; why not strength to the plant? The deserts should never be reclaimed. They are the breathing-spaces of the West, and should be preserved forever."

I cannot agree with this statement put in this unqualified fashion. But it is certainly true that the so-called reclamation of the deserts should be carried out in scientific fashion, and under the supervision of some competent body of scientists who have studied the deserts and their value, so that in transforming the wilderness into a garden we may not at the same time and by the same process transform the garden into a wilderness. Neither the felling of the forests nor the irrigation of the deserts should be left to the happy-go-lucky method which has characterized American individualism in the past. If we mean to leave to our posterity a country worth living in, both processes ought to be brought under careful governmental supervision and control. L. A.

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A Japanese Naval School[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

AFTER we had finished our inspection of the docks, machine shops, gun foundry, and arsenal at Kure, we sailed, on the morning of Thursday, June 16, for the Japanese Naval Academy, which is situated about twenty miles from Kure on a small, nearly landlocked harbor known as Yetajima. Although the quiet methods of an educational institution are not so striking and impressive as the display of mechanical power and productive activity made by a great manufacturing plant, the part that they play in preparation for war and in war itself is by no means of secondary importance. The value and efficiency of ships, guns, torpedoes, and mines are largely dependent upon the skill with which they are used, and great skill is always the product of education, training, and long practice. Before the present war, Russia's naval equipment in the Far East was regarded by experts as nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Japan; but when equipment was put to the test of use, the Russians proved to be far inferior to the Japanese in the handling of it. Guns and projectiles are important, but now, as in the Spanish-American war, the "man behind the gun" is the determining factor in every struggle for naval supremacy.

The situation of the Japanese Naval Academy is almost an ideal one for an institution of that kind. The harbor on which it stands is about a mile and a quarter in length and is completely sheltered by a semicircle of high, steep hills, clothed to their serrated tops with forests of evergreen and deciduous trees. It is not near enough to a city or a large town to be much frequented by shipping, so that there are no vessels or boats to interfere with torpedo or gun practice; the villages along its shores are all small and offer no distracting temptations to the cadets, and the scenery that surrounds it is as beautiful and picturesque as that of a loch in the Scottish highlands.

As seen from the harbor, the structural and architectural features of the Academy consist of a curving sea wall of stone, in front of which hang from wooden davits twelve or fifteen white, square-sterned boats; a short landing-pier; a low, black ordnance-house pierced with embrasures and devoted to big gun practice; a spacious drill-ground; a two-story brick building two hundred feet or more in length, with three front gables; a naval officers' club; and eight or ten large detached houses of brick or wood, scattered over the gentle lower slope of the hill, and interspersed with clumps of beeches, cherries, evergreens, and maples. On the higher ground, back of the Academy buildings, appear the concave gables of a Buddhist or Shinto temple, and around it are clustered a few thatched, pyramidal-roofed houses, whose inhabitants till with patient labor the narrow terraces that they have cut out in the steep hillside just above their homes. Owing to the generally mountainous nature of the country, flat or level land in Japan is not abundant, and the narrow, step-like terraces into which the hillsides have been cut for the purpose of cultivation form a characteristic feature of almost every landscape on the shores of the Inland Sea from Kobe to Shimonoseki.

At the time of our visit to Yetajima, the only vessels in the harbor were a steam launch and a small black gunboat used chiefly as a place of practice for the cadets in compass work. No sooner had we anchored in the quiet bay than an officer came off to the ship in the steam launch, and extended to us, in behalf of Admiral Tomioka, the superintendent of the Academy, a cordial invitation to inspect the school, and to take luncheon with him, at one o'clock, in the naval officers' club—a two-story, modern brick house which stood on a

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high terrace to the left of the main building, and which had been tastefully decorated with national flags in our honor.

Japan has, for the instruction and training of her naval officers, two large schools, one of which is situated in Tokyo and the other at Yetajima. The Tokyo school, however, is not, strictly speaking, a naval academy, inasmuch as it is devoted exclusively to tactics, strategy, and the higher branches of naval education, and is a place of instruction for officers, who, after graduating from Yetajima, have had several years of sea duty. It corresponds, therefore, in a general way, with our war college at Newport, while the Yetajima institution gives substantially the same kind of training that our naval cadets get at Annapolis.

The Yetajima Academy was founded in 1886, and it has educated, in the course of the last eighteen years, a majority of the officers of the present Japanese navy. It is open to any youth in the Empire who is not more than twenty nor less than sixteen years of age, and who is a graduate of a middle-class school—that is, of a school which corresponds roughly to our American high school. As the number of duly qualified candidates for admission, however, is always beyond the school's capacity, selections are made by competitive examination, and only the most proficient are taken. The branches of study covered by the entrance examination are mainly those with which an American boy is supposed to be familiar when he is graduated from a high school, viz., the English language (knowledge of which is a *sine qua non*), arithmetic, algebra, geometry, the elements of trigonometry, chemistry, physics, etc. The course of instruction includes three years, and does not differ essentially from that given to naval cadets in Europe and America, except that the Chinese language is substituted for French and German, and particular attention is paid to Oriental geography and Japanese military and naval history. Short summer cruises, at intervals, give the cadets an opportunity to put into practice the knowledge they have acquired, and when, at the end of their three years' course, they are graduated as midshipmen, they go on a longer cruise to the China coast, to Australia, or even as far as South America. The present corps of instructors consists of twenty-two naval officers, detailed for this particular duty, and twenty-one civilian instructors, all of whom are Japanese except the teachers of foreign languages. The cadets number five hundred and seventy one, and are divided into three classes of about one hundred and eighty each. These, I think, are all the facts and statistics with regard to the organization and present condition of the Japanese Naval Academy that it is necessary to give in order to render intelligible a description of its educational plant and some of its working methods, as we saw them.

When we landed, near the ordnance-house, we were met and cordially greeted by Admiral Tomioka and a number of his officers, and were conducted by them to the reception-room in the main building, where there were framed portraits of the superintendents of the school, as well as of the Emperor and Empress, a few charts, and two beautifully finished models of ships, intended to show the progress that Japan has made in naval construction since she began to study the arts and methods of Western civilization about fifty years ago. One of these models represented a large, seagoing Japanese vessel of the type in use when Commodore Perry first visited the country, and the other was a reproduction in miniature of a modern battle-ship. The vessel of 1855 was a slightly modified Chinese junk, with high stern and low, pointed bow; red lacquered freeboard pierced with square ports and ornamented with round bosses of gold; two banks of sculling-oars below the ports; a single mast, crossed by a single yard from which hung one big rectangular sail made of vertical strips of canvas laced together; and four huge paper lanterns, hanging in square frames at the tops of posts, above what would now be called the forecastle and on either side of the high, square stern. Looking at the two models, one found it hard to believe that Japan had made in half a century such a gigantic stride as that from a single sail, oars, and paper lanterns to steam power, armored sides,

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turrets, electric lights, torpedo-tubes, and high-powered, quick-firing guns. But the stride has been made, and the Japanese can not only use the modern battleship, with all its complicated mechanism and equipment, but can manufacture it in their own yards, provide it with twelve-inch steel guns of their own casting, and man it with a crew of officers and men who are as capable and as highly trained, perhaps, as any in the world.

Among the charts that hung on the walls of this reception-room or in the hall leading thereto were a number that had more than ordinary historical interest. One of them, for example, was in use on the bridge of the Japanese war-ship Asagi during the fight with the Chinese fleet in the late war, and still bears the big splashes of blood that fell on it when the captain was killed by a Chinese shell while he was in the act of bending over it.

From the reception-room we were taken through the dormitories, in the same building—large, airy, white-curtained apartments containing thirty or forty beds each—and then to a number of class-rooms, where the cadets, in white summer uniforms, were absorbing eagerly instruction in plane and spherical trigonometry, navigation, gunnery, steam engineering, and even the theory of chances. In all the rooms where mathematics and navigation were being taught, I noticed that the problems put on the blackboards were invariably stated in English, which indicated a fairly competent knowledge of that language on the part of the students. I was struck everywhere by the expression of mental alertness in the faces of the cadets, and by the eager, unswerving attention that they gave to their instructors. The sudden appearance of a dozen high dignitaries, as many more foreign naval attachés, and a score of war correspondents at the open doors and windows of a class-room would, in most countries, excite the curiosity and distract the attention of the students, even if it did not bring about a temporary suspension of the teaching; but it was not so in Yetajima. The instruction went on precisely as if we had not been there; and if a single one of the hundreds of cadets whom we saw in those class-rooms turned his eyes for an instant in our direction, I failed to observe it. They were learning how to make war; and when they come to put the instruction that they have received into practice, they will fight, as they now study, with a sort of fierce intensity, and with unshakable devotion to the matter in hand. Such naval commanders as Togo, Uriu, and Kamimura do not come by chance. They are the product of good instruction, received with perfect attention, and assimilated with quick, alert intelligence by minds that do not go wandering and wool-gathering in study hours. The rapidity with which the Japanese, generally, have acquired the arts of Western civilization is due mainly to the fact that they pay strict attention, observe closely, and think accurately. At least such is the impression left upon my mind by the incidents of this trip. If, on board the Manshu-maru, or in any of the shops, foundries, or class-rooms that we have thus far visited, anything has been overlooked or neglected through failure to attend, observe, and intelligently "prearrange," I have not happened to notice it.

From the class-rooms we were taken to a number of detached buildings containing what may be roughly and generally described as educational material or plant; viz., engines, pumps, steering-gear, propellers, electrical apparatus, cannon, and machine guns of all sorts; powder, fuses, and high explosives; projectiles in infinite variety; dissected torpedoes, and specimens or models of almost everything that is used, directly or indirectly, in naval warfare. The instruction at Yetajima, so far as I was able, in a limited time, to get an idea of it, is intended to give the cadets a thorough and accurate knowledge of real things and their uses. The reading of text-books and the hearing of lectures in the class-rooms are not enough. The cadet must learn every branch of naval science with his eyes or his hands on the real things with which that particular branch deals. If he is studying steam-engines, he must go to the engine-

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house, take engines apart, put them together, observe their working, draw plans of their different parts to scale, and make himself as familiar with them as if he were an engine manufacturer. When he takes up gunnery, he must go, with his instructor, to the house where guns and projectiles are kept, and get a first-hand knowledge of them in the same way—that is, by actual observation and handling.

This comprehensive system of object-teaching requires, of course, a varied and extensive educational plant, and most of the buildings of the Naval Academy at Yetajima are devoted to the housing and display of the machines, instruments, and material generally that the Japanese naval officer must learn to understand and use. Among the things that I particularly noticed as I walked through the various buildings were a model, twenty-five feet in length, of a bark, intended to show sails and rigging; another beautifully executed model, thirty-three feet long, of a Japanese battle-ship of the Yashima type; smaller models and sections, in wood and brass, of torpedo-boats and destroyers; machinery and fittings for Whitehead and other torpedoes; automatic guns in variety for small boats and fighting-tops; a new breech mechanism for quick-firing cannon of large caliber, which has recently been invented by a graduate of this Academy, and which is now in use in the Japanese navy; large transverse and longitudinal sections of hulls to show construction and arrangement of compartments; and a great number of cases containing steam-fittings, detached parts of guns, projectiles, and torpedoes; instruments of precision, electrical apparatus, sighting-telescopes, range-finders, and quantities of other small objects, all properly classified and exhibited in orderly assortment.

A visitor who should go through these buildings without knowing that they were part of a training-school might, naturally enough, take them for a series of small naval museums. In a certain sense, they are museums; but they are class-rooms as well, and in them the Japanese cadet gets an accurate, practical, first-hand knowledge of naval science and naval warfare on their material side. Almost everything seems to be taught in this way. In one of the buildings I saw an instructor giving a lecture to twenty or thirty cadets on ship-painting. He had the paints at hand, as well as a large number of square tablets of wood and metal to which paints and varnishes of various kinds had been applied. A young man might read text-books and listen to lectures on ship-painting, unaccompanied by illustrations, for a whole month and not get as much real, available knowledge of the subject as those cadets were getting in a part of a single forenoon from direct observation and handling. This method of teaching, of course, is not peculiar to the Yetajima Academy, but it is more thoroughly and consistently carried into practice there than in any other school of the kind that I have happened to visit.

By the time we had finished our inspection of class-rooms, and buildings devoted to educational material and plant, it was noon; and we all went to the naval officers' club for luncheon.

In the afternoon we had an opportunity to see another side of the Japanese naval officer's training, viz., physical culture. One might suppose that inasmuch as the Yetajima Academy has no gymnasium, no football team, no baseball club, and no racing crews, its students must lack incentive to physical exertion, as well as facilities therefor; but such is by no means the case. The Japanese naval cadet gets plenty of exercise of the most violent and strenuous kind; but he does not take it in any of the ways that we do. In place of gymnasium, baseball diamond, and football field, he has jujutsu, kenjutsu, and botori[1]—wrestling, two-handed sword fighting, and pole scrimmages—and the physical development that he acquires by means of these exercises is not surpassed, I think, by anything of the kind at West Point or Annapolis. Jujutsu, kenjutsu, and botori, moreover, give a man something

[1] Pronounced "joo-juts," the final u being silent and the second u having a sound between short u and short i. The accent is on the second syllable. Kenjutsu is pronounced in a similar way. Botori has the sound of "bo'to-ree."

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more than muscular development and something better than brute strength, and that is the combination of quickness, alertness, resourcefulness, knowledge, power, and endurance which may be described in two words as fighting capacity. They are all true personal combats, and the struggle in every case is for physical supremacy.

Jujutsu, which we were first taken to see, is a peculiar kind of wrestling, invented by the Japanese, in which skill, quickness, and knowledge of anatomy are made to supplement, or take the place of, muscular strength. The room or hall in which the wrestling took place was seventy-five or eighty feet long and perhaps forty feet wide, and its floor was covered, in Japanese fashion, with rectangular mats of closely woven straw, fitting tightly together and faced with white canvas. Along the sides of this spacious room, close against the wall, sixty or seventy cadets were sitting on their heels, awaiting their turns, while on the floor fifty bareheaded, barefooted young men, dressed in canvas jackets and short cotton trunks which left the legs bare from the thighs down, were engaged in wrestling. With the exception of a low order or admonition now and then from the instructor, not a word was spoken, nor a sound made, by wrestlers or spectators; and if it had not been for the heavy thumps made by the bodies of the defeated as they struck the floor, the stillness would have been that of a Quaker prayer-meeting.

The first thing that impressed me as I entered the hall was the quick succession in which the wrestlers were being thrown. A man seldom succeeded in keeping his feet for more than thirty seconds, and often he was thrown in less than five. The circling, feinting, tripping, and closing in of the combatants were so extremely rapid that it was difficult to see how the results were brought about; but it was evident that skill and perfect knowledge of the anatomy of the body played a much more important part than mere weight or strength. The smaller and lighter man frequently threw the taller and heavier one, and two men would often throw each other by turns, thus showing that neither of them had such superiority in strength or skill as to be certain of victory. In the wrestling of Japanese professionals weight and strength are the main factors that determine the result of the struggle, but in jujutsu wrestling the things that count are skill, quickness, anatomical knowledge, and knack.

The cadets at Yetajima always began a bout by engaging each other in what boys in my youth called "a square hold"—that is, a grasp of the sleeves of the wrestling jacket near the shoulders with both hands; but after a few seconds of circling and stepping about in this arm's-length attitude, one man or the other would incautiously lay himself open to a jujutsu attack, and his adversary, closing in with extraordinary rapidity and suppleness of movement, would engage him in a "lock," to which he must either yield or suffer a dislocated joint or a broken bone. Sometimes he was thrown sidewise by a dextrous trip and twist; sometimes his resistance was broken over his adversary's hip or back, and sometimes he was thrown squarely over his opponent's head; but in every case the wrench given him in the close tackle was sufficient to break his grip, so that in his fall he was seldom able to carry the other man with him. In perhaps half a dozen cases the wrestlers fell to the floor together and continued the struggle there, but it did not last long. In five seconds, or possibly ten, one man would get the other in a jujutsu grip that would completely paralyze his resistance, and force him either to yield or suffer serious bodily injury. He had to submit in order to save his arm, his back, or his neck.

The falls, in most cases, were very heavy, the defeated man's body striking the floor with what seemed to me great violence; but the art of falling is a part of jujutsu training, and men who had been thrown a dozen times, with thumps that might have been heard at a distance of two hundred yards, showed no symptoms of shock or distress.

After twenty minutes of class wrestling, in the course of which almost every man in the room was thrown twenty or thirty times, the floor was cleared, and successive pairs of selected experts gave

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an exhibition of skill, quickness, and ingenuity in attack and defense that was as remarkable as anything of the kind that I have seen. In every contest the participants scrupulously observed all the forms of Japanese courtesy, kneeling and bowing low to the audience and to each other before and after every bout.

If a judgment as to the value of an exercise may fairly be based upon the results that follow its practice, jujutsu wrestling is better than the training given in gymnasiums, and superior to most athletic games. It would be hard to find more perfectly and symmetrically developed bodies than those of the Yetajima cadets.

From the wrestling hall we went to a large room, in another building, where fifteen or twenty pairs of cadets in helmets, barred face-masks, body armor, and heavy gloves were fighting with tough single-sticks made to represent the Japanese two-handed sword. The noise here was as surprising as the stillness had been in the wrestling hall. The combatants engaged each other with loud shouts and fierce ejaculations; and these inarticulate cries, added to the stamping and shuffling of feet, the incessant rattle of clashing sticks, and the strange appearance of the masked figures in mediæval Japanese armor, swaying or leaping to and fro in attack or defense, made the fighting look and sound more like a general mêlée in a lunatic asylum than like anything else with which I can compare it.

The Japanese "kenjutsu," or sword-play, does not seem to differ essentially from single-stick or broadsword practice in the United States, except in some of its rules. Sweeping cuts at the lower leg are allowed, which, I think, is not the case with us, and no blow that may disable an adversary seems to be regarded as foul. I am not a single-stick player, and can express no opinion as to the expertness of the Japanese cadets in fighting with the two-handed sword; but I am prepared to bear testimony to the fact that when thirty or forty men are fighting in one room, simultaneously, the place is a bedlam of clattering sticks, wild cries, stamping feet, and bewildering movements.

After watching the kenjutsu combats for a few moments, we walked down to the black ordnance-house on the stone sea-wall, where forty or fifty cadets were engaged in practice with a battery of four six-inch, quick-firing guns of the latest Japanese type. The building, which had no windows, was so constructed, with low ceiling, open ports, etc., as to reproduce, in a general way, the gun-deck of a battle-ship or cruiser. It contained one big eight or ten inch gun and four six-inch quick-firers, as well as a number of cannon of smaller caliber and of various patterns. Each of the six-inch guns had a crew of seven men, not including the ammunition-carriers, and at one end of the deck stood a commanding officer, a bugler, a cadet to call out the ranges, and a number of gunners who were apparently in reserve. When we entered the building, the men were all standing in an attitude of attention, and the place was as quiet as a church; but at a signal from the bugle the scene suddenly changed to a vivid moving picture of battle, as the crews sprang to their places and the guns went into action. The swift running to and fro of the ammunition-carriers, the bugle signals, the blending clicks of the breech-mechanism, the long-drawn strenuous cries of the range-caller as he moved a pointer on a big white dial, and the fierce, intense eagerness of the crews as they worked the guns, made it easy to imagine that we were witnessing, from the inside, a small part of a real naval engagement. The fact that Japan is at war, and that every newspaper is filled with accounts of naval actions or exploits, probably gives to the practice exercises of the naval cadets a sort of dramatic realism that they might not have in time of peace. Every gunner really imagines himself, for the moment, fighting a battle under Admiral Togo, off the entrance to Port Arthur, and he throws into his actions an amount of energy that transforms a peaceful exercise into the semblance of real war. One certainly could not ask for more realistic pictures of a naval engagement, as it appears from the inside, than those furnished by the Yetajima gun crews in action. After the first bugle signal the

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ammunition was brought and the guns were made ready and loaded in just thirty seconds, and they were fired thereafter at intervals of from eight to eleven seconds, except at times when it was necessary to train them forward or aft, or change the elevation to correspond with an increased or decreased range.

At three o'clock we left the cadets still engaged in practice, and went to the spacious drill-ground to see the Japanese "botori," or pole scrimmage. The four hundred men who took part in this game were divided into two parties, separated, one from the other, by a distance of about two hundred yards. In the center of each mass of men a stout pole, eight feet high, was held in a vertical position, with its lower end resting on the ground. The game began with a division of each of the opposing parties into two bodies—a force of a hundred men for attack, and another, of equal strength, for defense. At a given signal the attacking columns rushed past each other, with loud cries, and threw themselves furiously upon the defending columns of their enemies, in a fierce attempt to break their formation, throw them into disorder, and pull down their pole. In this game, as in the kenjutsu, almost everything in the form of an attack seemed to be permitted; and the scrimmage that ensued when two hundred athletic young men, trained in jujutsu wrestling and two-handed sword fighting, came together around each pole, was something tremendous. It was a college rush and a football scrimmage combined on a big scale, with nothing in the shape of personal assault barred. One of the attacking columns finally succeeded in breaking the ranks of their opponents, by means of something like a flying wedge; elevated one of their number on their shoulders, and carried him near enough to the pole so that he could reach it with a cat-like spring over his enemies' heads. The holders of the pole tried hard to keep it upright, with this weight at the top of it, and made frantic efforts to pull the assailant down; but he repulsed and scattered them with vigorous kicks, and his supporters, charging again in a mass, compelled the holders of the pole to give way. Unable to shift the base of it as they fell back, they could no longer hold it upright, and in a moment down came pole and man together in a struggling, fighting crowd, amid a storm of cheers and exultant cries. The defenders of the other pole, having been able to keep it up while their own attacking party pulled down the pole of their enemies, were declared the victors, and the contest came to an end. Notwithstanding the fierceness and roughness of the fighting, which permitted blows, as well as mass-rushes and all sorts of tackles, only one man was so seriously injured as to be unable to get on his feet at the close of the struggle. It takes something more, however, than an ordinary blow or rough tackle to disable a man whose body has been strengthened and hardened by the deadly locks and violent falls of jujutsu wrestling.

At four o'clock we all bade Admiral Tomioka and his assistants good-by and returned to the Manshu-maru, fully satisfied that in the Yetajima Academy Japan is training a body of naval officers who, in physical and mental development, as well as in solid acquirements, will compare favorably with any in the world. Such, at least, was my own judgment.

Moji, Japan.

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The Saloon Within Patrol Limits

By Edwin Patterson Sanford

IN 1870 the city of Minneapolis had, according to the census of that year, a population of thirteen thousand. St. Anthony, now a part of Minneapolis, but then a separate borough on the east side of the Mississippi River, contained about five thousand inhabitants. The city had been built up by immigrants from every State in the East, from Wisconsin, and from the less progressive towns of southern Minnesota. In 1870 there were evidences of the coming of great prosperity. The Falls of St. Anthony, which now grind fifty thousand barrels of flour a day, were being harnessed to a few grist-mills and saw-mills. Real estate values were increasing. New residents were pouring into the city limits.

As yet the saloon problem had not especially troubled the minds of the dwellers in this busy, growing Western town. Saloons had sprung up with the first comers. They were opened wherever it was most convenient for their patrons. Because the population was composed, for the most part, of serious-minded men, who had come to the West to build homes and to make fortunes, and who were struggling hard, it had little time or inclination to use the saloons for evil purposes. If part of the population used the saloons so, the other part was too busy to observe the effects of that misuse upon the community. It was not until the evil of the saloons touched men and women in their homes that they earnestly planned reforms for the existing system.

In 1870 there were no limits within which saloons must be placed. The license for all saloons was $50. There were no efficient inspection and control, and all the evils of a wide-open town infested with licentious lumber-jacks were apparent. It was not perhaps so much with the purpose of eliminating the evils of the saloons as with an eye to the main chance that the City Council raised the license to $100 in 1872, and prescribed certain sections of the growing city within which saloons must be confined. However, any man who furnished bonds and paid the license could establish a drinking-house anywhere within limits that caused but very little restriction. There was an occasional outcry that the system of license was lax; that the saloons were destroying the desirability of certain portions of the city for residence purposes; that the young men were being corrupted; that because of the low license there were more saloons than were needed to supply the demand for liquor, and that in consequence saloon-keepers, goaded on by a fierce competition, sold to minors and drunkards, instituted houses of ill fame in connection with their saloons, and in many and devious ways corrupted the morals of the community.

These evils were made notorious by the arrival of large numbers of Scandinavians. The Scandinavians of Minnesota to-day form a body of most respected citizens. They are thrifty, well-to-do, and fairly temperate. They come to the State to make homes; they bring industry and a law-abiding spirit with them. But the Swedes and Norwegians of 1870 came from a country that did not know the Gothenburg system of controlling the liquor traffic. From 1860 to 1870 every well-to-do farmer in Scandinavia had his small private distillery. No stigma was attached to drunkenness. Not to drink strong liquors was the exception. The Scandinavian immigrants imported their idea of solving the drink problem, by constantly consuming all the liquor available, into the United States and into Minneapolis. Under low license and loose patrol limits saloons multiplied and thrived. They spread into the residence districts. On quiet streets where men built their homes and reared their children were notoriously corrupt saloons. Drunkards were common objects for the eyes of children to see. Carousing disturbed the slumbers of the citizen. The conditions became intolerable.

Conditions were intolerable because the saloon could not be controlled efficiently under the existing license laws.

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The change that came in 1888 was brought about primarily in order to give the police better control of drinking-places. A new charter, which with some amendments is in force to-day, was granted to the city by the Legislature in 1888. Among other things, it provided that saloons, already limited as to location by the law of 1872, should be segregated, and drew the most arbitrary patrol limits that exist in any city of the United States. It also provided that the city could place any tax whatever upon the saloon business. The license was soon after raised to $1,000 a year, at which price licenses are granted to-day.

What results followed the new system?

First and foremost, the police were able to exercise absolute control. The ground to be patrolled was reduced from one-fifth of the territory covered by the city to about one-twentieth. Without an increase in patrolmen, and with an actual decrease per 1,000 inhabitants, order could be maintained and the ordinances enforced. Every administration since 1888 has tried to outdo its predecessor in keeping order in the saloons. There are no more orderly saloons in the country than those in Minneapolis. There is no singing, laughing, or loud talking; a saloon fight is rare; a fatality occurring in a saloon is almost unheard of. While, as has been stated, it is the pride of the city that the saloons are orderly, ordinances passed to attain other desirable ends are not so rigidly enforced. Some administrations are lax in executing the many ordinances that affect the saloon. Every Mayor since 1888 has allowed the saloon-keepers to open their back or side doors on Sunday, contrary to a Sunday closing law. The slightest disturbance is, however, sufficient cause for the police to close up the particular saloon which cannot control its patrons. There is very little drunkenness seen upon the streets of Minneapolis at any time; almost none is seen on Sunday. The same cannot be said of Philadelphia, for instance, where every saloon is closed from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve o'clock Sunday night.

Chiefs of police, patrolmen, and detectives all agree that the segregation of the saloon gives them an opportunity to do their work more efficiently.

While it is not doubted that the patrol limits system would better the condition of a saloon-ridden city no matter how low the license, when that system is combined with high license the best results may be hoped for. The system as it exists in Minneapolis is an improvement over the old system of no restriction, from the city treasurer's point of view. The revenues of the city have been increased. Collection of license money has become more certain, because the brewers have become sponsors for the saloon-keepers and guarantee the payment of the license.

It is admitted that the new system has not accomplished all that was expected of it in the matter of reducing the number of the saloons. The actual number of saloons has increased from year to year; in proportion to the inhabitants, the number has decreased somewhat. In 1885, three years before the present system was adopted, there was one saloon to every 420 people; in 1891, three years after the adoption of the present system, there was one saloon to every 500 people; in 1903 there was one saloon to every 604 people. There is no doubt that the number of saloons could be further reduced if, in some manner, the brewers could be prevented from paying for the saloon-keepers' licenses. Mr. Walsh, license inspector, estimates that eleven-twelfths of the licenses are owned by the brewers. Notwithstanding this defect, the patrol limit system offers an opportunity for a clean administration to reduce saloon evils to a minimum.

If the city, as a corporate body, has been benefited by the new régime, what of the individual and of the community? Have they, too, been benefited?

It is almost impossible to generalize about the individual. Comparative statistics of drunkenness before 1888 and after are worthless. This worthlessness is due partly to meager statistics, but more directly to changed conditions. The conditions confronting a growing Western town change rapidly. In 1870 Minneapolis was the lumber center of the West. It was almost in the heart

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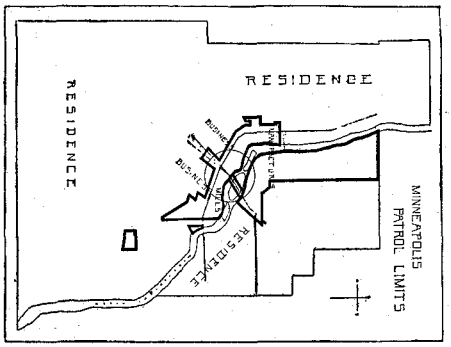
of the great forests. Even in 1880 the thousands of lumbermen who worked in the woods to the north of the city came down in the spring, their winter's wages burning holes in their pockets, and with an abiding thirst. In twenty-four hours after their arrival in town they were sobering up in jail. Possibly they sobered up that way two or three times a week until their money was gone. The arrests ran up into the thousands; but these arrests bore no relation to high license or patrol limits, or to the absence of those restrictions.

As far as the community is concerned, there are some benefits derived from the patrol limits. In the chart printed here-



Map showing the city limits of Minneapolis and the patrol limits. The heavy black line bounds the territory in which saloons must be located. A majority of all saloons in the city are located in the territory within the circle in the center of the map.

with it will be observed that the saloons are confined to the business districts of the city. In 1903 two hundred and ten of the three hundred and ninety-two saloons were located within the circle on the map—which circle comprises but one-fifteenth of the territory within the patrol limits. Washington Avenue, the street following the river north and south on the map, is a business street. Small stores of all kinds abound the length of the street. There are seventy-six saloons on Washington Avenue from Twentieth Avenue north to Fifteenth Avenue south. The district in South Minneapolis, represented on the map by the small quadrilateral, is another small business center. The same is true of the district bounded by the limits in North Minneapolis. There is not a saloon in the strictly residence districts of the city.

The first result of this restriction is that no temptation is offered to the workingman to spend his evenings in the saloon. If men did not walk into temptation, this might be an ideal condition. The laboring man is, after all, a man primarily, and frequently he walks to the business districts for his evening beer. But he has to go down town. The going is some effort. Possibly some men are diverted by reason of the distance to be traveled. Conditions are such in modern industrial life that workingmen cannot drink during working hours. In reality, therefore, the absence of saloons from the residence districts does deter men from drinking during the hours when they have the greatest opportunity to drink—those hours after the day's work is done.

The second result is that growing boys do not have the neighborhood saloon to resort to in the afternoons and evenings. There is a greater or less number of boys loafing in the lower-class saloons all the time, but it is conceded that the number is far less than it would be if the saloons were located near the homes of the boys. In Chicago or in Philadelphia a near-by saloon frequently offers its only meeting-place and resort to "the gang," that social unit of young men in the lower regions of the city. So far as it exists in Minneapolis, "the gang" subsists on keg parties in the summer-time, and hibernates in winter.

In the third place, the example of drinking on the part of their elders is removed from the children. There is very little drinking in the homes of the workingmen. In this respect the patrol limits system of regulating the liquor traffic seems to be more of a benefit to the home than the Gothenburg system or the dispensary system of South Carolina. Whereas these two systems force men to drink elsewhere than at the saloon—and that regulation too often leads to riotous living in the home—the patrol limits system reduces a man's temptation to drink, but provides a place for him if he will drink. It protects the home from drunkenness, too, in that it hands the drunken man over to the police, by reason of the sharp watch that is kept on all saloons.

This is the bright side of the system,

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it must be remembered. All too many men evade the police and come home drunk to terrorize their families.

Not the least benefit under the system we are discussing, as under the Gothenburg and the dispensary system, is the enthusiastic support of the best elements in the city. The broad-minded ministers and business men favor the law; so do the best saloon-keepers. The orderly and law-abiding drinking men would not return to the days of no limits.

The objections to the system are urged by the prohibitionists and the brewers, who have before this combined to defeat really wise remedial legislation.

The prohibitionists say that the system is like the dispensary system in that the liquor traffic is recognized as legitimate and protected by the municipal authorities. They do not deny its efficacy to reduce drunkenness and crime; they do deny that it reduces these evils as fast as absolute prohibition would.

The brewers maintain, through their agents and attorneys, that the patrol limits law is an example of all that is bad in sumptuary legislation; that it deprives a man of his liberty and tells him that he cannot drink when and where he wants to. This complaint from the brewers is in reality a strong argument in favor of the system, because it is a tacit admission that the system cuts down profits through restricting sales. It lessens the possible consumption of beer and spirits in the city.

As a concluding word, perhaps it will be of interest to compare the state of the liquor traffic in Minneapolis under restriction with the state of the traffic in the near-by city of St. Paul, where there are no patrol limits.

Conditions in St. Paul and Minneapolis are identical with the exception of the patrol limits. The cities are nearly the same in size. Their industries are similar. Minneapolis is a larger manufacturing city, but St. Paul is the railroad center of the State and has a larger jobbing trade. The population presents the same racial characteristics in both cities. It will be remembered that the patrol limits were adopted by Minneapolis in 1872, and strengthened in 1888; both cities adopted high license in 1888. The proportion of inhabitants to the saloon has varied in the two cities as follows:

	MINNEAPOLIS.	ST. PAUL.
1880,	1 saloon to 266 inhabitants.	Statistics for these
1885,	1 " to 420 "	years not obtainable.
1890,	1 " to 500 "	1 to 330
1895,	1 " to 692 "	1 to 490
1900,	1 " to 611 "	1 to 560
1903,	1 " to 604 "	1 to 494

The moral of the patrol limits system seems to be that when drinking is restricted reasonably and not unduly, only enough to make men think twice before they take the trouble of going after liquor, the demand for liquor is decreased; with decreased demand go fewer saloons; with fewer saloons the city, the community, and the individual prosper.

Selah

By Edwin H. Keen

The noontide hush has come, no cloudlets stray
On the pure sapphire of the summer sky;
Preening his wings, too much afraid to fly,
Sits the small minstrel silent on the spray;
The patient cattle, in a vague dismay,
Seek the cool cloister of an ancient tree;
The very field-flowers droop them languidly,
As prescient of some wonder in the way.

The moods of man are under Nature's sway,
So from the bough of Life on which I sing,
Voiceless I sit, awe-struck and wondering,
As one entranced, whose senses play
Apart, and pause, while Life, with scanty breath
And trembling knees, touches her lips with Death.

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Roman Codgers and Solitaries

By Maud Howe

TO-DAY[1] being the last Saturday in the month, Fra Antonio, the begging friar, called for his obolo. I surprised him in the act of offering a shabby horn snuff-box to Filomena. She took a pinch daintily between a finger and thumb, folding it in a sheet of our best Irish linen note-paper.

"*Una presa di tabacco per Sora Nena*" (A pinch of snuff for Mrs. Nena), she explained. Nena, the servant's drudge, is a little, withered old woman; it doesn't matter about *her* habits! Filomena, eighteen, rosy as Aurora—so pretty that young men make excuses to call at our old green door to see her open it—feared the shadow of a suspicion that the snuff was for her own snuffing. Snuff is still taken in Italy by the old and the old-fashioned, and it has the sanction of the clergy. In Rome it is thought hardly seemly for a priest to smoke; they nearly all use snuff; indeed, I have seen a priest take a sly pinch while officiating at the altar. Snuff is the only luxury our Antonio knows; do you blame J. for sometimes keeping back a little of the money which we ought to give the Frate for the general monastery fund, and investing it in a packet of snuff for the Frate's own use?

"Frate," I said, "why did you become a monk?"

"Signora, the Madonna herself bade me take the vows."

"You lead a happy life at the monastery?"

"Like others, I have my troubles, mainly rheumatism." (His poor old veined feet looked cold in their sandals.)

"About those vows, now, how many are there?"

"They are three"—he counted them off on the knots of his rope girdle: "poverty, obedience, chastity. Circumstances might conceivably release me from the first and the second, but, believe me, Signora, not even the Holy Father himself could absolve me from the third vow;" he fixed an earnest rheumy eye upon me as he said it.

"*S'intende.*" (one understands), Filomena assented.

J. says we womenfolk all make a great fuss over the Frate; perhaps we do; certainly menfolk do not. During the time old Santi (formerly the valet of Crawford père, ever since more or less dependent on the family) was with us, the Frate was rather snubbed. Santi, for many years the major-domo of a rich monsignore, scorned our dear old Fra Antonio, always forgetting to serve his modest gift to us—a head of *barba di cappucini* (capuchin's beard), a sort of curly lettuce the monks raise in their garden. Santi was a character for you: he had an unctuous, ecclesiastical manner suggestive of sacerdotal ceremonial. When he passed a plate of steaming *fettucie fatt' in casa* (ribbons made in the house, home-made macaroni), one was reminded of acolytes handling smoking censers. He was not with us long, and, though he was as handsome as a king, with the most distinguished manners, we were relieved to be rid of him; he who had served cardinals and princes of the Church seemed out of place waiting at our small table. I have recognized Santi's sacerdotal manner in Cardinal Rampolla's servants and in the attendants of other churchmen we have visited.

Cardinal Rampolla lives across the way there at the Vatican. The day we called on him we merely had to walk across the Square of St. Peter and knock at his door, as it were. Living not a stone's throw from the Vatican, we are strangely aware of the mighty heart of the Catholic Church, and have grown sensitive to its pulsations, whether in events at the Philippines or in the New York elections. Cardinal Rampolla is in constant attendance upon the Pope. A friend of ours once invited him to his villa, outside Rome.

"It would rest your eminence to get away for a few hours."

"*Magari potessi!*" (if I only could),

[1] The reader should bear in mind that this sketch of Italian life is retrospective, and that the author is describing phases of experience in 1898, when Leo XIII. was Pope.—THE EDITORS.

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sighed the Cardinal. Our friend says the sigh and look showed a depth of weariness he had never suspected in the dark, energetic man at the helm. They say he has slept outside the Vatican only once since the day the Pope appointed him Secretary of State, years ago. That was the night his mother died. The next day he came back to the cold palace, with its thousands of rooms, its four thousand men, and not one woman or child. I often wonder about the dusting of those endless halls, chapels, suites of apartments.

Rome must have been more picturesque when the Pope took his airing on the Pincio, instead of shut up in the Vatican gardens as he does now. In those days the whole populace went down on their knees whenever he appeared. Then the cardinals wore their splendid vermilion robes every day; they must have been a joyful note of color in the landscape. Now they wear sad black gowns, save for a *festa* or a function. Driving out into the Campagna on a fine afternoon, one is almost sure to pass a sober closed carriage, with a pair of fat black horses, waiting by the roadside; a little farther on one meets some cardinal walking with his secretary. It is not etiquette for a cardinal to walk in the streets of Rome while their head remains the Prisoner of the Vatican; they must drive about to do their errands, and get their airing outside the walls. Isn't that fascinating? In society, however, the cardinals wear their pretty, bright robes.

At the Haywards' the other day a cardinal came to tea; host and hostess met him at the entrance, each carrying a lighted waxen torch. All the guests (except heretics) courtesied, kowtowed, and kissed his ring. It is not etiquette for ladies to be décolleté when a churchman is to be of the party. It is just such traditions, "links with the past," that make Roman society so absorbingly interesting to us Americans. Social life here is rich in shadows and lights, full of color and imagination. No wonder novelists never tire of using it for a background.

Though in Rome itself churchmen are conscientiously inconspicuous, at Tivoli, an hour away, Cardinal Hohenlohe, a true Prince of the Church, keeps high state in the historic Villa d'Este, among his wonderful cypresses, fountains, terraces, and frescoed casinos. He surrounds himself with artists and musicians, pays little heed to the gentle hints he occasionally receives from the Vatican, and is one of the most interesting persons one can see; his independence (he is said to be a Rosminian) is due to his position as well as to his character; he is of the Prussian royal family, cousin to the Emperor William, and is possessed of a free and liberal spirit not easy to control. His late banishment from Tivoli was extremely diverting. Two English noblewomen, in Rome for the winter, wished to meet all the distinguished personages possible. A dinner was arranged for them by Baron Blanc, to which Cardinal Hohenlohe was invited. After all the other guests had assembled, the company was thrown into a flutter by the arrival of Crispi. Instead of Hohenlohe's withdrawing (the usual etiquette when exalted Black and White personages meet by chance in society), they all went merrily in to dinner together. There were no end of toasts; Prince and Patriot pledged each other in Baron Blanc's best wine. Mr. Stillman, who was of the company, remarked that it was pleasant to see Eminences and Excellencies drinking each other's health. A neighbor at table whispered to the dauntless Stillman, "How imprudent you are!" (as if he was ever anything else!) Other people were proved to have been imprudent. The next day the great Prince Cardinal was summoned to an interview with the Pope. What passed between them gossip does not say, but the Cardinal packed his bag and left that afternoon for Perugia, where he passed three months in exile. Another imprudence of the Cardinal's was lending the Villa d'Este for a political meeting in the campaign of Guido Baccelli (son of the famous physician), who was running for Parliament. The story of the poisoned figs, used by Zola in his novel "Rome," was founded on a sad incident at the Villa d'Este. Some poisoned food meant for the Cardinal was eaten by his stew-

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ard, who died, I have been told, before his very eyes.[1]

Do you suppose the Vatican—that vast hive of celibates—is the magnet that draws to Rome its horde of Codgers and Solitaries? Take my word for it, they may be best studied here. Codgers, both clerical and lay, are apt to be shy; you must not let them suspect you are observing their habits if you hope to learn anything of them. At the same time they are emphatically social and gregarious, while the Solitary lives, and often dies, alone. I asked one old gentleman Codger, an American, who often drops in on his way to his browsing-ground, the Vatican library, what road led him to Rome.

"The Via Vegetarium," he said. "Rome has the finest vegetable market in the world." He may be right; I certainly know no city where vegetables are so cheap, various, and good.

"Artichokes," he went on, "are no dearer than potatoes; as to *finocchio*, it is cheaper than bread."

"Why could we not raise *finocchio* at home?"

"When we grow poor and thrifty, drink sheep's milk, eat *capretto* [kid] and miscellaneous fungi, we shall find the way to turn the wild American fennel into delightful domestic finocchio."

Finocchio is a root something like celery; it has the same crisp crunchiness, though it tastes rather like aniseed; the Romans eat it raw; we prefer it braised and served with black butter. Why not try to raise it in your garden? If you succeed in introducing a new vegetable, you will acquire merit in the eyes of every dinner-ordering wretch in the land. Fennel and kid. Two new dishes! There is a chance for you to reach every heart between Maine and Alaska!

Poor old Mr. X. died the other day. I shall miss him dreadfully. He was the only snob variety of the genus codger in Rome; they are rare anywhere, the codger's social aspect being generally mild and mildewed. I once asked him what had brought him to Rome (he came here twenty-five years ago with two marriageable daughters).

"The fact that it is respectable to be idle here, and that one finds the best society." He said "best society" in the sort of voice with which raw converts mention the Madonna or one of what the Romans call *i soliti santi* (the same old saints). His daughter is a particularly nice woman; she married Prince ——, and the comfort the old gentleman took in his grandchildren's titles was pleasing to behold. At fifty he sat solidly down to the joys of good society and the occupation of collecting engraved gems. That old law of compensation, you know, which makes some men after an idle youth leap with fiery ardor to embrace hard work, was reversed for him. Having grubbed all his youth, he had the luck (it is rare) to find out how much fun there may be in play, after all!

I went to see the princess soon after the old gentleman's death; she told me something of his last days. "The night before my father died," she said, "he made me promise for the twentieth time that I would send his body home. I asked him why he was so set on the idea. He rose right up in bed and said in a loud voice, 'I can't bear to think that on the last day I might rise from the dead along with these damned *I*talians!'"

Wasn't that a death-bed revelation for you? The old man had been a New York newsboy, had gone West, made his pile in rum, then sunk the shop for good and all, never talked about his early life or where he came from, bragged of his daughter's fine acquaintances, his son-in-law's manners—but when his hour was come he did not wish to "rise from the dead along with those damned *I*talians"

We have lately had a visit from the Prince of Solitaries, poor old Galli, the mad painter. He came in with his dauntless threadbare air, made a sweeping bow, paid me an elaborate compliment. His business, however, was plainly not with me.

"I have come, Signorino Jacca, to ask the favor of a few old clothes."

He said it in so spirited a fashion that we felt the favor was conferred

[1] Cardinal Hohenlohe, since dead, left what remained of his fortune to the son of the man who in this way was the means of saving his life.

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rather than asked. I wish I could make you see Galli! He has the hall-mark of genius stamped upon him. Eyes like live coals, hair—when J. first remembers him blue-gray—now a rich silver, worn long, growing in masses with big waves like the head of Zeus at the Vatican. He tries in every way to keep up the pace of his youth; instead of walking, he shambles along at a funny bear's trot; "Having less time than I once had," he said to J., "I cannot afford to walk slowly, like some people of my age, so I am obliged to run."

Galli is a Milanese, a descendant of those blond barbarians from the North, the Lunghe Barbe. There is something ardent and free about him, a starriness of the eyes, a breezy, untrammeled quality of mind, which recalls that far-off Teutonic ancestor. Among the dead level of the people one meets, Galli stands out a marked man. As to madness—was Ludwig of Bavaria really mad, or a poet born in the purple? Mad or sane, Galli is interesting; once you recognize that a man cannot be both ordinary and extraordinary, cannot possess common and uncommon sense, the vagaries of genius cease to annoy! Whenever I hear the artists talking of Galli, I listen and try to remember what they say; some day his story must be written; the material will be found in the memories of people who knew him, not "in the files;" he is not one journalists delight to honor.

No one seems to know Galli's age. He might have been born in 1819—a year which produced so many more than its share of strong characters that one wonders if there is not something in astrology after all. When he was young, Galli went to England, where he was soon spoken of as a painter with the right stuff in him—imagination, ideality, the artistic temperament. As, with all the rest, he had good breeding, he found social as well as artistic recognition, he was called a promising portrait-painter, had plenty of fashionable sitters, and played his little part in the fascinating drama of London life. It must have been a wonderful time, when all that was best in the race came to the surface. Sympathy for Italy was at its height, the great scheme for the liberation was growing silently and strongly; England, the mighty ally, was helping Italy prepare for the struggle. Looking back at the England of that day, one seems to see a whole army of Raleighs spreading their cloaks before the feet of the young Queen Victoria. All England lived in the youth, the hope, the courage of that slender young woman; all England, half the civilized world, was in love with youth, hope, and courage personified in the Queen. With Galli, the romantic Italian, the universal enthusiasm became personal; he fell in love, not with the sovereign, but with the woman—which makes all the difference.

He began to neglect his work, spent all his time and money in hansom cabs, pursuing her whenever she went abroad. The police investigated, found him harmless and respectable, were content to keep an eye upon him, until that day when he tried to drive up to the private entrance of Buckingham Palace, where the Queen was living. That was going too far for the patience of Scotland Yard. Galli was arrested and given twenty-four hours to get out of England or into Bedlam. He left for the Continent the same day, came to Rome, hired for his studio that old building once the orange-house of the Palazzo Borghese. It is built under a cliff, from the top of which ivy and *madre selva* (mother of the wood—we call it clematis) hang in trailing masses. One day a large snail from the ivy crawled through a broken pane of the window to the studio wall, down the wall and up again, leaving a damp, slimy track which formed something like the letter V. A friend coming in surprised Galli standing staring at the wall with open mouth and eyes.

"Why, man, what are you looking at?"

"At the letter."

"What letter?"

"The royal letter V."

"What an odd chance!"

"You call it chance"—he smiled mysteriously.

"What do you call it?"

"It is the sign."

"*Che pazzia!*" (what madness). "What do you believe that little animal to be?"

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"I believe what I believe, *amico mio.* The eyes of affection see what other eyes cannot see. It is a miracle if you will, not more wonderful than others. The spirit of my august lady, the Sovereign of England, has taken the shape of *quella lumaca benedetta!*" (that blessed snail).

Galli tamed the royal snail, kept it in cotton wool and rose-leaves, fed it on tender green leaves till it died—when he forgot the whole matter.

Soon after J. came to Rome as an art student, Galli was "discovered" by some of the Spanish artists—then the most powerful group of painters in Rome. For the moment, Galli's home was a large tree outside the Porta Salaria. Some boards laid between the branches made his bed; he shared the tree with a flock of friendly turkeys. He had been fairly comfortable through the summer and autumn; with December came the fierce *tramontana* (north wind), blowing away the leafy walls of his house. The artists—they are the most charitable people in the world—clubbed together, hired a room for Galli in the Via Flaminia—fancy the real Flaminian Way—and fitted it up nicely as a bedroom and studio. One bitter winter evening, J. and Villegas—they also had studios in the Via Flaminia—on their way home chanced to look up at his window. Outside, on an iron balcony, stood Galli, with nothing on but a thin cotton night-shirt.

"In the name of Bacchus, what are you doing?" roared the great Villegas, who had borne a large share of the expense of rescuing Galli from the turkey-roost. Galli nodded, and smiled down upon them.

"*Ombre!*" cried the fiery Spaniard; "go in or you will take your death." Galli only smiled the more and shook his head. The two below rushed upstairs and dragged him indoors.

"Don't disturb yourselves, *amici*," Galli explained; "my room, as you perceive, is cold, my bed has no blankets; I find if I stand out on the balcony in my shirt for a few moments my room seems warm afterwards by comparison."

Not long after this, Galli came up to J.'s table one night at the Café Greco (the haunt of artists). "Caro Signorino Jacca, you see many Americani; they are all immensely rich, as is known to you. For charity's sake, sell a picture of mine to one of them."

The hint was taken, a charming picture of Galli's was unearthed (a small Madonna); a purchaser, an American girl, found. The day after the sale J. went to the Café Greco, where he knew he should find Galli, and, with the inexperience of youth, handed him the price of the picture, one hundred and fifty francs. If ever a poor painter-man needed one hundred and fifty francs, J. says, it was Galli at that moment. His boots were so broken that as he walked his toes came in view between the uppers and the lowers with every step; his trousers were deeply fringed about the ankle; his shirt was without a collar, he wore his inevitable long overcoat—buttoned up to conceal what was not under it—and a shabby silk hat—whatever his fortunes he was never seen in any but a top hat; J. thinks it was the last trace of the coxcombery of his London youth.

"*Ecco il denaro!*" (here is the money), said J. Galli took it with a gay, swaggering air.

"*Grazie tante sai? Ci vedremo,* caro Jacca." (So many thanks till we meet again.) With that he plunged across the street to the shop of the King's hatter opposite, where he bought a silk hat of the latest English model. He next trotted up to the Piazza di Spagna, got into the first cab on the stand, and engaged all the others to follow him. "Drive to the *tomba di Nerone;* you others do me the favor to follow."

The *tomba di Nerone* is a ruin outside the walls which the archæologists say has nothing to do with Nero, and never was a tomb. After they had gone a short distance, Galli cried, "Halt!" The procession stopped short; Galli got out.

"What has happened, *padrone mio?*" asked the cabman.

"Nothing at all; you may now take your place at the end of the queue!" He dismissed the man with a wave of the hand and got into the second cab. Riding in this progressive fashion, by the time they reached the *tomba di*

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Nerone, Galli had ridden by turn in all the carriages.

"With your help, my friend," he said to the cabman, "I will climb to the top of the tomb. If you will listen, I will tell you some things about the great Nero you never heard before. He was, after all, an artist: the historians have been too hard upon him, as we artists must not forget."

Galli made a long speech glorifying Nero; perhaps he set the present fashion for the whitewashing of Cæsars generally—fashions often grow out of much less. The cabmen squatted round on their hunkers, smoked their pipes, and listened, for the enlightenment of future *forestieri*, till Galli scrambled down from the rostrum, jumped into the first cab, crying, "*Andiamo!* To the Piazza di Spagna as we came."

At the Café Greco that evening, Galli, penniless, but proud of his adventure, borrowed of Signorino Jacca twenty centessimi (four cents) to buy a piece of bread and a few pickled gherkins, which, wrapped in a piece of paper, he munched contentedly for his supper.

Remembering Galli's talent for likenesses, J. persuaded a friend to sit to him for her portrait. When they arrived at the studio for the first sitting, the room was so littered with rubbish there was hardly space to turn round. Tiers of vile-smelling old petroleum-cases were piled against the wall.

"What on earth have you got in those boxes, Galli?"

"They contain my invention."

"May one ask its nature?"

"*Altro!* it is the model of a bridge to cross the Atlantic from Italy to the United States."

It was a cold day. To warm the room for his sitter, Galli had picked up a few bits of charcoal, which smoldered in a frying-pan without a handle (his only stove), in the middle of the studio. While Galli was finding a chair for the lady, J. discovered seven rat-traps, each inhabited by a large family of mice.

"They disturbed me so much scrabbling about and gnawing things," Galli explained, "that I was obliged to catch them."

"If the mice disturb you, why keep them?" said the practical American girl. "You have not the heart to kill them? Tell the janitor to put the traps in a pail of water; it will be over in a minute."

"Drown them—my only companions? See their beautiful little ears veined like the petals of a flower, their bright eyes, their dear little feet. They know me; they depend upon me for their food."

He took half a roll from his pocket and crumbled it into one of the traps.

"Show us what you have been painting lately, Signor Galli." The old man moved his easel into the light.

"This is my latest picture."

J. says that American girl showed rare breeding; she neither laughed nor cried at the thing Galli uncovered. If it was not a picture, it was the work of a man of genius. The divine spark had kindled at a moment when no tools were at hand. His credit on that almost inexhaustible fund, the generosity of his brother artists, had long been overdrawn. His friends were tired of supplying canvas, paints, brushes. Galli, lacking everything, possessed only of the idea, could not rest till it was expressed. He had cut off the tail of his gray flannel shirt, stretched it for a canvas, found a piece of old blue cardboard, pasted it on for the sky, dried lettuce-leaves and applied them for the middle distance, used for the detail of the foreground bits of dried watermelon-rind and other such rubbish. The "picture" was a thing to draw tears from a stone!

The rumor of the invention in the petroleum-boxes suggested to some of the young artists a plan by which fresh interest might be aroused for Galli's benefit. They asked him to prepare a lecture explaining the theory of his bridge. Tickets were sold, and quite a large audience gathered at the Artists' Club to hear him. When he appeared, some of the more boisterous spirits began to guy him; this nettled the old fellow.

"You perhaps think this invention of mine an impossibility," he began. "To show you how simple it is to get to America without going on one of those abominable steamers, I will explain to you how to get to the moon. You all know that the moon is *una femina*" (a

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female). "Well, all females are devoured by curiosity. Only let all the people upon the earth assemble together in one place, and the moon will observe that something out of the common is going on down here; she will approach nearer and nearer to see what it is all about, until she gets so near that all we shall have to do is to jump over on her, and then she will not be able to get away."

. . . . . .

Galli's last commission was to decorate a cheap café. Villegas says that it was a wonderful piece of work, full of power and originality. Not long after it was finished, some smug Neapolitan painter, one of those poor craftsmen who have cheapened the name of Italian art, persuaded the proprietor to let him paint out Galli's work and redecorate the café with his own vulgar trash. This broke the old man's heart; soon after he was found dead in his studio, lying between two chairs. It was inevitable that he should come to some such end, and a thousand times better for him to drop in harness than to wear out the years in idleness. Unlike my friend the newsboy-rumseller-grandfather-of-princes, his only joy was in labor, in striving to express to others the beauty that possessed his soul. Is it not by this sign that the elect may be known?

Palazzo Rusticucci, Rome.

The Mountains[1]

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Forest," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

XVII.—The Main Crest

THE traveler in the High Sierras generally keeps to the west of the main crest. Sometimes he approaches fairly to the foot of the last slope; sometimes he angles away and away even down to what finally seems to him a lower country—to the pine mountains of only five or six thousand feet. But always to the left or right of him, according to whether he travels south or north, runs the rampart of the system, sometimes glittering with snow, sometimes formidable and rugged with splinters and spires of granite. He crosses spurs and tributary ranges as high, as rugged, as snow-clad as these. They do not quite satisfy him. Over beyond he thinks he ought to see something great—some wide outlook, some space bluer than his trail can offer him. One day or another he clamps his decision, and so turns aside for the simple and only purpose of standing on the top of the world.

We were bitten by that idea while crossing the Granite Basin. The latter is some ten thousand feet in the air, a cup of rock five or six miles across, surrounded by mountains much higher than itself. That would have been sufficient for most moods, but, resting on the edge of a pass ten thousand six hundred feet high, we concluded that we surely would have to look over into Nevada.

We got out the map. It became evident, after a little study, that by descending six thousand feet into a box cañon, proceeding in it a few miles, and promptly climbing out again, by climbing steadily up the long, narrow course of another box cañon for about a day and a half's journey, and then climbing out of that to a high ridge country with little flat valleys, we would come to a wide lake in a meadow eleven thousand feet up. There we could camp. The mountain opposite was thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty feet, so the climb from the lake became merely a matter of computation. This, we figured, would take us just a week, which may seem a considerable time to sacrifice to the gratification of a whim. But such a glorious whim!

We descended the great box cañon, and scaled its upper end, following near the voices of a cascade. Cliffs thousands

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of feet high hemmed us in. At the very top of them strange crags leaned out looking down on us in the abyss. From a projection a colossal sphinx gazed solemnly across at a dome as smooth and symmetrical as, but vastly larger than, St. Peter's at Rome.

The trail labored up to the brink of the cascade. At once we entered a long narrow aisle between regular palisaded cliffs.

The formation was exceedingly regular. At the top the precipice fell sheer for a thousand feet or so; then the steep slant of the débris, like buttresses, down almost to the bed of the river. The lower parts of the buttresses were clothed with heavy chaparral, which, nearer moisture, developed into cottonwoods, alders, tangled vines, flowers, rank grasses. And away on the very edge of the cliffs, close under the sky, were pines, belittled by distance, solemn and aloof, like Indian warriors wrapped in their blankets watching from an eminence the passage of a hostile force.

We caught rainbow trout in the dashing white torrent of the river. We followed the trail through delicious thickets redolent with perfume; over the roughest granite slides, along still, dark aisles of forest groves, between the clefts of boulders so monstrous as almost to seem an insult to credulity. Among the chaparral, on the slope of the buttress across the river, we made out a bear feeding. Wes and I sat ten minutes waiting for him to show sufficiently for a chance. Then we took a shot at about four hundred yards, and hit him somewhere so he angled down the hill furiously. We left the Tenderfoot to watch that he did not come out of the big thicket of the river bottom where last we had seen him, while we scrambled upstream nearly a mile looking for a way across. Then we trailed him by the blood, each step one of suspense, until we fairly had to crawl in after him; and shot him five times more, three in the head, before he gave up not six feet from us; and shouted gloriously and skinned that bear. But the meat was badly bloodshot, for there were three bullets in the head, two in the chest and shoulders, one through the paunch, and one in the hind quarters.

Since we were much in want of meat, this grieved us. But that noon, while we ate, the horses ran down toward us, and wheeled, as though in cavalry formation, looking toward the hill and snorting. So I put down my tin plate gently, and took up my rifle, and without rising shot that bear through the back of the neck. We took his skin, and also his hind quarters, and went on.

By the third day from Granite Basin we reached the end of the long, narrow cañon with the high cliffs and the dark pine-trees and the very blue sky. Therefore we turned sharp to the left and climbed laboriously until we had come up into the land of big boulders, strange spare twisted little trees, and the singing of the great wind.

The country here was mainly of granite. It outcropped in dikes, it slid down the slopes in aprons, it strewed the prospect in boulders and blocks, it seamed the hollows with knife-ridges. Soil gave the impression of having been laid on top; you divined the granite beneath it, and not so very far beneath it, either. A fine hair-grass grew close to this soil, as though to produce as many blades as possible in the limited area.

But strangest of all were the little thick twisted trees with the rich shaded umber color of their trunks. They occurred rarely, but still in sufficient regularity to lend the impression of a scattered grove-cohesiveness. Their limbs were sturdy and reaching fantastically. On each trunk the colors ran in streaks, patches, and gradations from a sulphur yellow, through browns and red-orange, to a rich red-umber. They were like the earth-dwarfs of German legend, come out to view the roof of their workshop in the interior of the hill; or, more subtly, like some of the more fantastic engravings of Gustave Doré.

We camped that night at a lake whose banks were pebbled in the manner of an artificial pond, and whose setting was a thin meadow of the fine hair-grass, for the grazing of which the horses had to bare their teeth. All about, the granite mountains rose. The timber-line, even of the rare shrub-like gnome-trees, ceased here. Above us was nothing whatever but granite rock, snow, and the sky.

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It was just before dusk, and in the lake the fish were jumping eagerly. They took the fly well, and before the fire was alight we had caught three for supper. When I say we caught but three, you will understand that they were of good size. Firewood was scarce, but we dragged in enough by means of Old Slob and a riata to build us a good fire. And we needed it, for the cold descended on us with the sharpness and vigor of eleven thousand feet.

For such an altitude the spot was ideal. The lake just below us was full of fish. A little stream ran from it by our very elbows. The slight elevation was level, and covered with enough soil to offer a fairly good substructure for our beds. The flat in which was the lake reached on up narrower and narrower to the foot of the last slope, furnishing for the horses an admirable natural corral about a mile long. And the view was magnificent.

First of all there were the mountains above us, towering grandly serene against the sky of morning; then all about us the tumultuous slabs and boulders and blocks of granite among which dare-devil and hardy little trees clung to a footing as though in defiance of some great force exerted against them; then below us a sheer drop, into which our brook plunged, with its suggestion of depths; and finally beyond those depths the giant peaks of the highest Sierras rising lofty as the sky, shrouded in a calm and stately peace.

Next day the Tenderfoot and I climbed to the top. Wes decided at the last minute that he hadn't lost any mountains, and would prefer to fish.

The ascent was accompanied by much breathlessness and a heavy pounding of our hearts, so that we were forced to stop every twenty feet to recover our physical balance. Each step upward dragged at our feet like a leaden weight. Yet once we were on the level, or once we ceased our very real exertions for a second or so, the difficulty left us, and we breathed as easily as in the lower altitudes.

The air itself was of a quality impossible to describe to you unless you have traveled in the high countries. I know it is trite to say that it had the exhilaration of wine, yet I can find no better simile. We shouted and whooped and breathed deep and wanted to do things.

The immediate surroundings of that mountain peak were absolutely barren and absolutely still. How it was accomplished so high up I do not know, but the entire structure on which we moved—I cannot say walked—was composed of huge granite slabs. Sometimes these were laid side by side like exaggerated paving flags; but oftener they were upended, piled in a confusion over which we had precariously to scramble. And the silence. It was so still that the very ringing in our ears came to a prominence absurd and almost terrifying. The wind swept by noiseless, because it had nothing movable to startle into noise. The solid eternal granite lay heavy in its statics across the possibility of even a whisper. The blue vault of heaven seemed emptied of sound.

But the wind did stream by unceasingly, weird in the unaccustomedness of its silence. And the sky was blue as a turquoise, and the sun burned fiercely, and the air was cold as the water of a mountain spring.

We stretched ourselves behind a slab of granite, and ate the luncheon we had brought—cold venison steak and bread. By and by a marvelous thing happened. A flash of wings sparkled in the air, a brave little voice challenged us cheerily, a pert tiny rock-wren flirted his tail and darted his wings and wanted to know what we were thinking of anyway to enter his especial territory. And shortly from nowhere appeared two Canada jays, silent as the wind itself, hoping for a share in our meal. Then the Tenderfoot discovered in a niche some strange, hardy alpine flowers. So we established a connection, through these wondrous brave children of the great mother, with the world of living things.

After we had eaten, which was the very first thing we did, we walked to the edge of the main crest and looked over. That edge went straight down. I do not know how far, except that even in contemplation we entirely lost our breaths, before we had fallen half-way to the bottom. Then intervened a ledge, and

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in the ledge was a round glacier lake of the very deepest and richest ultramarine you can find among your paint-tubes, and on the lake floated cakes of dazzling white ice. That was enough for the moment.

Next we leaped at one bound direct down to some brown hazy liquid shot with the tenderest filaments of white. After analysis we discovered the hazy brown liquid to be the earth of the plains, and the filaments of white to be roads. Thus instructed we made out specks which were towns. That was all. The rest was too insignificant to classify without the aid of a microscope.

And afterwards, across those plains, oh, many, many leagues, were the Inyo and Panamit mountains, and beyond them Nevada and Arizona, and blue mountains, and bluer, and still bluer rising, rising, rising higher and higher until at the level of the eye they blended with the heavens and were lost somewhere away out beyond the edge of the world.

We said nothing, but looked for a long time. Then we turned inland to the wonderful great titans of mountains clear-cut in the crystalline air. Never was such air. Crystalline is the only word which will describe it, for almost it seemed that it would ring clearly when struck, so sparkling and delicate and fragile was it. The crags and fissures across the way—two miles across the way—were revealed through it as through some medium whose transparence was absolute. They challenged the eye, stereoscopic in their relief. Were it not for the belittling effects of the distance, we felt that we might count the frost seams or the glacial scorings on every granite apron. Far below we saw the irregular outline of our lake. It looked like a pond a few hundred feet down. Then we made out a pin-point of white moving leisurely near its border. After a while we realized that the pin-point of white was one of our pack-horses, and immediately the flat little scene shot backwards as though moved from behind, and acknowledged its due number of miles. The miniature crags at its back became gigantic; the peaks beyond grew thousands of feet in the establishment of a proportion which the lack of "atmosphere" had denied. We never suceeeded in getting adequate photographs. As well take pictures of any eroded little arroyo or granite cañon. Relative sizes do not exist, unless pointed out.

"See that speck there?" we explain. "That's a big pine-tree. So by that you can see how tremendous those cliffs really are."

And our guest looks incredulously at the speck.

There was snow, of course, lying cold in the hot sun. This phenomenon always impresses a man when first he sees it. Often I have ridden with my sleeves rolled up and the front of my shirt open, over drifts whose edges, even, dripped no water. The direct rays seem to have absolutely no effect. A scientific explanation I have never heard expressed; but I suppose the cold nights freeze the drifts and pack them so hard that the short noon heat cannot penetrate their density. I may be quite wrong as to my reason, but I am entirely correct as to my fact.

Another curious thing is that we met our mosquitoes only rarely below the snow-line. The camping in the Sierras is ideal for lack of these pests. They never bite hard nor stay long even when found. But just as sure as we approached snow, then we renewed acquaintance with our old friends of the north woods. It is analogous to the fact that the farther north you go into the fur countries, the more abundant they become.

By and by it was time to descend. The camp lay directly below us. We decided to go to it straight, and so stepped off on an impossibly steep slope covered, not with the great boulders and granite blocks, but with a fine loose shale. At every stride we stepped ten feet and slid five. It was gloriously near to flying. Leaning far back, our arms spread wide to keep our balance, spying alertly far ahead as to where we were going to land, utterly unable to check until we encountered a half-buried ledge of some sort, and shouting wildly at every plunge, we fairly shot down-hill. The floor of our valley rose to us as the earth to a descending balloon. In three-

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quarters of an hour we had reached the first flat.

There we halted to puzzle over the trail of a mountain lion clearly printed on the soft ground. What had the great cat been doing away up there above the hunting country, above cover, above everything that would appeal to a well-regulated cat of any size whatsoever? We theorized at length, but gave it up finally, and went on. Then a familiar perfume rose to our nostrils. We plucked curiously at a bed of catnip, and we wondered whether the animal had journeyed so far in order to enjoy what is always such a treat to her domestic sisters.

It was nearly dark when we reached camp. We found Wes contentedly scraping away at the bear-skins.

"Hello," said he, looking up with a grin. "Hello, you darn fools! *I've* been having a good time. *I've* been fishing."

Whistler: The Character[1]

"EH, what? Meneps? Who's Meneps?" was the exclamation flashed out by Whistler at the mention of his former pupil and recalcitrant follower—the man who had dared to choose between the Master and his own career. This same man, remaining an admirer of the great painter to whom he had devoted several years of his early youth, Mortimer Menpes, has written his recollections of Whistler as he appeared to him in daily companionship, and a gay, pleasant sketch it is. The title precludes criticism, though it may provoke comparison. Already protests have arisen against this view, quite *bizarre* and apparently extravagant, but Mr. Menpes, who deprecates exaggeration, solemnly asserts that his picture is true to life.

One is continually tempted to suspect a gleam of ridicule in the mind of a writer who can say of his friend, after describing a quarrel, "He never did anything foolish, such as attacking a man physically stronger than himself, in the open—that would be hopelessly inartistic."

He would lift his light cane, his constant companion, and bring it down sharply upon the shoulders of an enemy —from behind. Yet he was always dainty, and we are assured he never did anything brutal, though he did take great men off their feet when they were not looking, and thrust them through plate-glass windows in Piccadilly. "He never treated his enemies in a coarse way," says Mr. Menpes.

Whistler's sense of music was entirely lacking; in fact, he was noticeably decentered, as the opticians say. When Menpes went with him to a musical evening, he usually chose the extreme corner of the room, for to catch Whistler's eye was to be disgraced. On one occasion the painter sat with his mouth wide open, gazing at a group of musical people as they performed upon various instruments as though he had been hypnotized, and muttering to himself, "Pshaw! what's it all about?" The climax was reached when an old lady, an accomplished musician, began to sing, accompanying herself on the piano. Afterwards, being presented, she asked Whistler what he thought of her singing. Menpes heard him say, "Ha, ha! amazing!" as he fled precipitately from the room. Half an hour later he joined Menpes in the studio, saying, "Let us cleanse ourselves; let us print an etching." By the way, the old lady singer had a peculiar habit of carrying bread and butter in her pocket, which might suggest a kinship with some of Alice's friends in Wonderland.

When Whistler was painting his famous portrait of Sarasate, the latter often played for him. This playing he really enjoyed, for, as he said, "it was marvelous, you know, to see Sarasate handle his violin, especially during those violent parts; his bow seemed to travel up and down the strings so rapidly, I cannot imagine how he does it." It was

[1] *Whistler as I Knew Him.* By Mortimer Menpes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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the dexterity that he admired; the music he did not understand. He could execute one strain of one song, and when a picture was going well he might be heard singing in a high falsetto voice, "And his heart was true to Poll."

A funny incident is related showing Whistler's curious vagueness where money matters were concerned. After completely overwhelming the landlord's agent, who had sent "a quaint piece of paper" demanding rent long overdue, Whistler, aided by Menpes, managed to collect the amount in coin of many denominations. "Then Whistler was worried. He thought there should be some explanation for paying these people in pounds, shillings, and pence. 'They will say that the Master is really hard up because I cannot send them a cheque,' he said; 'I must write them a letter.' With that he wrote one of his marvelous letters, in which he explained that in dealing with people so vulgar and so little accustomed to the habits of the polite world, he had found it necessary to put himself to the trouble of sending them their money in coin."

When he desired a street child to sit as a model, he would "talk to the gutter-snipe in a charmingly intimate way about his work and aspirations. 'Now we are going to do great things together,' he would say, and the little, dirty-faced child blinking up at him seemed almost to understand. . . . But from the moment his brush touched the canvas the child, as a child, was forgotten; she might droop and faint before Whistler would come down to earth again and understand that this was a living mortal. Sometimes after a long afternoon the girl began to bellow—something was hurting her, or she was stiff with standing so long—and Whistler, looking up with a start, would say, 'Pshaw! What's it all about? Can't you give it something, Menpes? Can't you buy it something?' The child eventually left the studio laden with toys, and perfectly happy once more."

Whistler at the play was terribly disturbing. He would scream and laugh and rock himself to and fro when witnessing a tragedy. Shakespearean plays appealed to him as being exquisitely funny; yet comic songs at music halls amused him as though he were a child.

His conversation, in spite of affectation and extravagance, was stimulating; he invariably inspired people to work. He was always laughing, always gay, never weary, always ready for the day's work, no matter how early Menpes reached him.

A particularly engaging chapter is devoted to the followers of the Master. Menpes and one other alone were counted as pupils. The followers were blind imitators and were never really taught anything. Only once in all the years did the Master ever actually teach his two pupils anything, and one of them wrote the words down upon his cuff. At one time Menpes painted so "broadly and simply" that his picture, when finished, he tells us—a child upon the sands—resembled a clean sheet of paper! The comical ideas and preposterous doings of this little group of followers, as recorded by Menpes—later an outcast—are almost beyond belief; but we are assured that they are not exaggerated in the least in the telling.

Whistler's connection with the Society of British Artists is historic, and much has been written concerning it. After a big fight with the Society, he made a dramatic exit, taking with him in his triumphant train quite a number of British artists. His parting words were, "I am taking with me the Artists, and I leave the British." At this time there was a coolness between the Master and Menpes, and the latter watched from a corner of the Hogarth Club Whistler's entrance with his company. At length the Master called out, "I say, Menpes, come over here;" and he was forgiven. He whispered to Whistler, indicating the long line of "cleansed artists," "What are you going to do with them?" "Whistler looked at me for a moment, and a quizzical smile curled his lips and twinkled in his eyes. 'Pshaw, Menpes!' he cried; 'lose them, of course.'" He visited the gallery of the British Artists, after abdicating the leadership, and saw there a picture by a well-known Royal Academician. "Ah!" he said, as he stood looking at it through

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his eyeglass, "it is like a diamond in the sty."

The episode of the Leyland Peacock Room is given in detail, and reads like a merry war. Whistler invited his friends to see his completed work, the far-famed decoration, and said to the owner, "I should advise you, my dear fellow, to revisit Speke Hall. These people are coming not to see you or your house; they are coming to see the work of the Master, and you, being a sensitive man, may naturally feel a little out in the cold." Leyland departed and the guests arrived.

One cannot help questioning whether the great artist was as invariably overwhelming to other men as Menpes represents him. He was always gay, often inexcusably rude, frequently in a rage, when he actually screamed, always selfish, but invariably fascinating. He hypnotized friend and foe alike. He toyed with the truth, delighted to sacrifice it if a startling phrase or a witty situation occurred to him. He was as irresponsibly cruel as a child, and wielded the tremendous power of a genius.

The great number of picture reproductions from the Master, and several portrait sketches of him by Menpes, make the volume of unusual value. Apart from this, however, the reader will find the portraiture of Whistler vastly entertaining and most desirable to own.

Matrimonial Institutions[1]

THIS is the most substantial and valuable work on its subject yet produced in our country. Scholarly, scientific, thorough, it is an inductive study of the first importance to every student of the primary social question—the question of the family. Marriage as it exists is a product of social experience. What can be known of its origin and evolution is helpful to an appreciation of its present conditions.

From a searching criticism of other and widely favored theories, Professor Howard concludes that the probabilities strongly favor, though they fall short of establishing, the view "that pairing has always been the typical form of human marriage." The theory of primitive promiscuity cannot stand. Monogamy is the *prevailing* form, even among the least advanced races of men. It originated more in economic needs than in erotic impulses. As property and social organization arise, the primeval free agreement is superseded by purchase, sometimes by capture, and woman's freedom disappears, till the growth of altruistic feeling and perception of the spiritual equality of the sexes restores the primitive self-betrothal. This course of thought is illustrated by a wealth of citations from the customs of many peoples.

This brings on the history of English marriage, anciently by purchase—"buying a maid" was the blunt law phrase—a barbarian survival, with its analogue in the modern dowry. The rise of free marriage in pre-Norman times, the assumption by the Church, asserting the sacramental nature of marriage, of a control which led to shameful anarchy, the rise of the Protestant conception of marriage, and then, in Cromwell's time, of civil marriage, are successively traced with copious illustrations from contemporary usage, law, and ritual. A reaction from Cromwell's advanced legislation was not overcome in England till the nineteenth century, and only in New England was the advance maintained.

The history of divorce, as well as of marriage, is followed from the earliest times. The English history is specially instructive. Since the Church in the tenth century realized her ambition to control the subject, the English mind seems dominated by theological considerations. Of all Protestant lands, the lot of married women was hardest in England. Not till 1857 was a partial and grudging relief from wrongs obtained. Of the New Testament texts to which the Church appealed and still appeals,

[1] *A History of Matrimonial Institutions, Chiefly in England and the United States, with an Introductory Analysis of the Literature and the Theories of Primitive Marriage and the Family.* By George Elliott Howard, Ph.D. In 3 vols. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $10.

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Professor Howard remarks that they either ignore vital questions or leave them in an obscurity inviting bitter controversies.

The remaining half of the work is devoted to the history of marriage and divorce in the United States from the earliest times. In New England the civil marriage subsequently instituted by Cromwell was made obligatory. The Plymouth law of 1636 "marks an epoch in the history of English jurisprudence."

Here the American system of relegating matrimonial law to the local government took its rise. In the Southern colonies civil marriage arose subsequently to ecclesiastical. In the Middle colonies, amid a mixed population and diversity of sects, there was option between these two. A vast amount of information, curious, picturesque, and instructive, unearthed by patient research in old records, here entertains the reader. Passing from the Colonial to the National period, Professor Howard gives the history of marriage legislation down to 1903, abounding in diversity, but exhibiting a tendency to wholesome restrictions.

The history of divorce in both periods is instructive. The Puritans of New England were more liberal than the Churchmen of the South. The Massachusetts records show that besides the "Scriptural" cause such causes for divorce were allowed as "cruelty," "long absence," "desertion," "failure to provide." So in Connecticut, which "in all the more essential respects anticipated the present policy of civilized nations by nearly two hundred years." The Southern colonies had no statutes on the subject; no divorce took place in colonial New York. The history of divorce legislation during the National period, a labyrinth of diverse details, brings the work to its end in these practical conclusions: Divorce is not immoral; it is a remedy for a disease; its chief fountain-head is bad marriage laws and bad marriages; it may be a grave social wrong to reduce the legal causes to the one "Scriptural" ground. There has been much hasty criticism of our divorce legislation, faulty though it often has been. However desirable be a common law of divorce, a common marriage law is more desirable. As a preliminary, the common-law marriage, with its open door to scandal and hardship, should be utterly abolished by the twenty-three commonwealths that maintain it. The interest of society in regulating proper marriage and preventing unfit must be safeguarded. But education of a right public sentiment must precede any satisfactory reform.

Copious bibliographies, prefixed to the several chapters and appended to the final volume, attest the completeness of the study on which the author's conclusions are based, and constitute a thesaurus of material for others. Writers on the subject will find this a most valuable work for reference. Among the general lessons which the history impresses are the right of society to deal with marriage as human needs demand, and that for this it is better to trust to the statesman than to the churchman.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Bible the Word of God (The). By F. Bettex. Translated from the Third Enlarged German Edition. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 4½×8¼ in. 314 pages. $1.50.

This work is written by a scholar of learning and literary ability, who to a certain extent carries all religious minds with him. It is written, however, from the standpoint of one who sees in vestiges of primitive polytheism a reference to the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, and who is so extremely devoted to the traditional form of the Bible that he cannot tolerate the expunging of spurious passages—as the angel at Bethesda, and the three heavenly witnesses in the first Epistle of John—by the revisers of King James's translation. It is therefore a work to be read with watchful care as to the author's judgment.

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Chinese Made Easy. By Walter Brooks Brouner, A.B., M.D., and Fung Yuet Mow. With an Introduction by Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 351 pages. $6, net.

In Chinese fashion, the title-page here is the last page of the book, and what would be the first in an English book is the last page of the index. We are not prepared to pass on the work's excellence as a guide to the Chinese tongue, but the method is certainly graphic and the book is clearly and handsomely printed. The authors advocate that intending missionaries should try six months' study in the language before embarking, to test their capacity of acquiring it.

Christian's Relation to Evolution (The). By Franklin Johnson, D.D., LL.D. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 171 pages. $1, net.

The evident fairness and judicial spirit of the author promise the reader a discussion of the subject that will really illuminate; but freedom from prejudice does not supply the lack of intellectual clearness. It is true that there is no obscurity in style or plan; but the argument of the book is vitiated at the outset by the assumption of a false, or at least unproved, distinction between natural and supernatural. Other defects there are: for instance, that of attributing to Augustine and Roman theology in general conceptions that are not found in the early Church outside of the Alexandrian school; or that of assuming without anything approaching an argument that the immanence of God means the elimination of sin; or that of supposing that what we call noxious animals are morally evil. For those who have given any careful thought to the subject this volume will have little value other than in indicating the stage of thought to which some men have arrived; for those who have given little thought to the subject this book is not a good introduction.

Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France, 1789-1901. By Frank Maloy Anderson. The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 5¼×8 in. 671 pages.

Such a "document-book" as this may be used efficiently in history courses in colleges and schools. This method has come into vogue to some extent in recent years. It teaches methods of historical investigation, brings the student in touch with original sources, serves as a point about which other data may be gathered, and vitalizes the use of historical narratives. The present book, it need hardly be said, deals with a subject both important and interesting, and the documents translated reach from the decree that created the National Assembly in 1789 to the Law of Associations passed last year.

Dukes and Poets in Ferrara. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 578 pages. $4, net.

With this volume Mr. Gardner offers the first installment of a work intended to exhibit in full detail the importance of the part played by Ferrara, the city of the D'Estes, Savonarola, and Ariosto, in the Italy of the Renaissance. The book before us carries the history of Ferrara from the days of Niccolo, Leonello, and Borso to the opening years of the reign of Alfonso, and covers an intrinsically interesting period, including the upbuilding of Ferrara as a city of letters, the wars between the various Italian States, the reign of Ercole d'Este, the invasion of Charles VIII., and the Borgia ascendency. Bearing in mind the special object of the work, it must be said, however, that the historian has scarcely utilized to best advantage the valuable material at his command, giving us, indeed, a far clearer impression of the pageants, fêtes, and petty intriguing of the court life than of the "poetry, religion, and politics of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries." Even as a chronicle of events his book's usefulness is impaired by the inclusion of a number of superfluous and often tedious citations from ancient documents, retarding rather than furthering the reader's appreciation of the narrative. It is to be hoped that in the volumes to come Mr. Gardner will not, as would here seem to be the case, allow his enthusiasm for all matters connected with his subject to cause him to stray from the special theme chosen for elucidation.

French Noblesse of the XVIII. Century (The). Translated by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. From Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy, 1834. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 325 pages. $3, net.

Readers conversant with the history of France just before the Revolution know that the French literature of that period abounded in forged or disputed memoirs. It is openly admitted that the memoirs here translated were not in fact written by the aristocratic lady whose name they bear, but it is thought that they were written with her consent and from her statements. However this may be, the Memoirs are interesting for precisely the reason that led the translator to give them the title as above—they do in fact give a brilliant and lively picture of the life and manners of the French nobility just before the Revolution, and from this point of view it does not much matter whether we are reading authentic history or court gossip. Many people of note are brought into view, and often criticised rather maliciously; Voltaire, Madame de Staël, Madame Pompadour, Benjamin Franklin (the Marquise totally condemns and despises the American philosopher because she disapproved of his way of eating eggs), Necker, Mesmer, and scores of other notables are introduced to the reader, while the narrative is usually sprightly and amusing.

Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 243 pages. 75c., net.

A peculiar interest attaches to this volume as the product of the last few months of the late Sir Leslie Stephen's life. Discerning justice could have been done to the man who impressed English thought in the seventeenth century chiefly by rousing opposition to his audacious propositions by no

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wiser hand than that of so distinguished a writer on evolutionary ethics. Hobbes did useful service in his warfare against the exorbitant claims of churchmen, sectaries, and religious dogmatists, however little we can approve the dogmatism he opposed to theirs. But his philosophy was materialism, his God, if he had any, was non-moral, his ethics the mandates of sovereign power. To a critique of his doctrines the author has prefixed an extended memoir of a checkered life at present but little known.

I'm from Missouri. By Hugh McHugh. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×7 in. 106 pages. 75c.

One of a series of "John Henry" books abounding in slang and cheap humor.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Vol. XVI.—1609. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 329 pages.

Problem of Monopoly (The). By John Bates Clark, LL.D. (Columbia University Lectures.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 128 pages. $1.25.

Professor Clark's reputation as an able and original student of economic subjects will not suffer eclipse by reason of his latest published pronouncement regarding the solution of the problems presented to the American people by the trust and labor questions. His grasp of fundamentals is profound, his arguments are presented with a lucidity and conciseness that make them at all times intelligible to the reader untrained in economic analysis, and his attitude is sane and practical, taking into account the personal equation without which all discussions of the evils of monopoly must remain purely academic. While we cannot unreservedly agree to all his findings and suggestions, we are free to say that, on the whole, we regard his little book as eminently helpful. Accepting the large corporation as a necessary factor in economic progress, he holds that the task before us is to make provision that will allow the corporation to exist and work without sacrificing to it our political and economic freedom. As in his "The Control of Trusts," the preventive of monopoly is to be found in regulative rather than in drastic legislation, and chiefly in the retention of the principle of competition. The root of the trust problem he locates in the railroad problem, and, apparently paradoxically, advocates as an initial step the legalization of pooling as a means of removing the incentive to secret rebates. The gigantic railroad monopoly thus created he would control by placing in the hands of a commission, "with appointments based on a sound principle," the power to fix maximum freight charges. Further legislation would be required to prevent the disastrous "cut-throat" competition whereby the trust drives the independent out of the field; and Professor Clark suggests the passage of a Federal law or concurrent State laws establishing a uniform price for commodities, so that, *e.g.*, "the mere fact of selling at a cut-throat rate in Minnesota should make it impossible to collect any more for similar products sold anywhere else." Tariff revision is also urged, the necessary revision to be decided by the line between duties which afford a justifiable protection and those which create monopolies, a line which, in Professor Clark's opinion, is not only easily drawn in theory but may be readily approximated in practice. The practicality of these suggestions depends, as he frankly acknowledges, on a purer politics than we now possess, but he refuses to take a pessimistic view, insisting that we must and will "find a way to have the king's business—the business of our collective sovereign, the people—honestly done." The motive power to effect the needed reforms he places in the farmers of the country, and offers a brief review of agrarian movements "to show where we must look for a political force great enough to offset the power of monopolies, and capable, when it acquires the necessary insight, of action which will put the entire country under obligations." Turning to the problems raised by organized labor, he indorses the principle of collective bargaining, points out the natural obstacles in the way of creating a monopoly of labor in any trade, surveys the present strained situation, calls for the adoption of systematic arbitration, and predicts an ultimate satisfactory settlement.

Public Interest or Trade Aggrandisement? By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell. P. S. King & Son, Westminster, London, England. 5×8⅛ in. 812 pages.

An argument against the licensing bill which since the publication of this pamphlet has been passed by the British Parliament. The free granting of monopolies, it seems, is not confined to the United States.

Roosevelt Doctrine (The): Being the Personal Utterances of the Presid nt on Various Matters of Vital Interest, Authoritatively Arranged for Reference in Their Logical Sequence. Compiled by E. E. Garrison. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 181 pages.

A compilation for campaign use. The President's significant utterances on political and other subjects are topically arranged. The author, who is a Yale graduate, was with Colonel Roosevelt in the Cuban campaign.

Study of Child Life: Parts I., II., and III. Prepared by Marion Foster Washburne. Illustrated. American School of Household Economics, Chicago, Ill. 5×8 in. 50c. per pamphlet.

With Richard the Fearless: A Tale of the Red Crusade. By Paul Creswick. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

A boys' story, rather stolidly told.

Young Man's Makeup (A). By James I. Vance, D.D. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 150 pages. 75c.

Books of advice to young men are probably read, otherwise they would not be published. This one is not original, but it is sound. In two places it offends, once against good taste and once against accuracy; but it gives no advice on these points.

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